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# FABLES.

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RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

LONDON:

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# FABLES

FOR

THE HOLY ALLIANCE,

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

&c. &c.

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BY THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,

SECRETARY OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY,

AND AUTHOR OF THE FUDGE FAMILY,

AND THE TWO-PENNY POST-BAG.

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LONDON:

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
L O R D B Y R O N.

DEAR LORD BYRON,

Though this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of recalling the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,  
ever faithfully yours,

T. B.



## PREFACE.

---

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the “painful pre-eminence” of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and

objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c.—but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the “Transactions of the Poco-curante Society,” I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician) either “Nancy Dawson” or “He stole away the Bacon.”

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words “Non curat Hippo-

clides," (meaning, in English, "Hippoclides does not care a fig") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.





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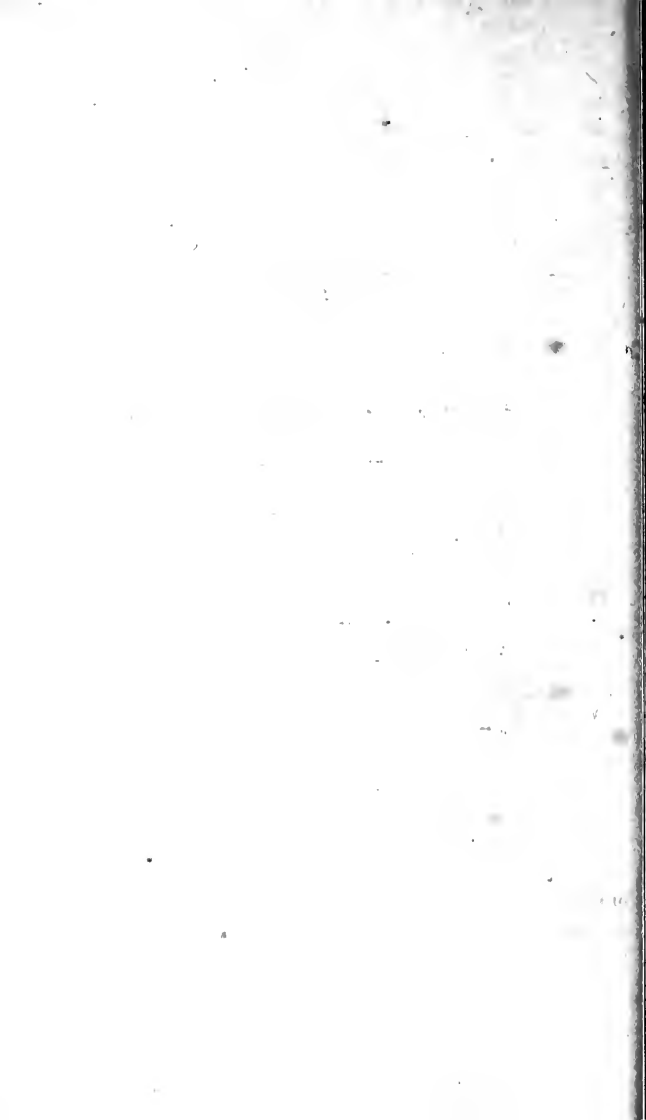
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FABLES  
FOR  
THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

---

Eripe. Tu Regibus alas  
VIRGIL, GEORG. LIB. 4.

———— clip the wings  
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.  
DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.



## FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

*A Dream.*

---

I've had a dream, that bodes no good  
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.

I may be wrong, but I confess—

As far as it is right or lawful

For one, no conjurer, to guess—

It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood

A beautiful Ice Palace stood,

A dome of frost-work, on the plan

Of that once built by Empress Anne\*,

\* “ It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect.”—PINKERTON.

Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—  
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all  
And lighted as the best on land are,  
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,  
Giv'n by the Emperor Alexander,  
To entertain, with all due zeal,  
Those holy gentlemen, who 've shown a  
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,  
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and design'd  
To hint how thus the human Mind  
May—like the stream imprison'd there—  
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear  
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet  
E'er yet be-prais'd, to dance upon it.

And all were pleas'd, and cold, and stately,  
Shivering in grand illumination—



Admir'd the superstructure greatly,  
 Nor gave one thought to the foundation.  
 Much too the Czar himself exulted,  
 To all plebeian fears a stranger,  
 As Madame Krudener, when consulted,  
 Had pledg'd her word there was no danger.  
 So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,  
 Thinking himself extremely clever,  
 And waltz'd away with all his might,  
 As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,  
 Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled,  
 To see that goodly company,  
 At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded  
 My loyal soul at all unfounded,—  
 For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy  
 Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping,

And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,  
 Their Holinesses took to slipping.  
 The Czar, half through a Polonaise,  
 Could scarce get on for downright stumbling,  
 And Prussia, though to slippery ways  
 So us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor most,  
 Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.—  
 And now, to an Italian air,  
 This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;  
 Now—while old Louis, from his chair,  
 Intreated them his toes to spare—  
 Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,  
 At which they all set to, like mad—  
 Never were Kings (though small th' expense is  
 Of wit among their Excellencies)  
 So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—

Scarce was the luckless strain begun,

When, glaring red—as 't were a glance

Shot from an angry Southern sun—

A light through all the chambers flam'd,

Astonishing old Father Frost,

Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,

“ A thaw, by Jove—we 're lost, we 're lost !

“ Run, France—a second *Waterloo*

“ Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut!*”

Why, why will monarchs caper so

In palaces without foundations ?—

Instantly all was in a flow,

Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations—

Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,

Cut out in the resplendent ice—

Those Eagles, handsomely provided

With double heads for double dealings—

How fast the globes and sceptres glided

Out of their claws on all the ceilings !

Proud Prussia's double bird of prey  
 Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;  
 While—just like France herself, when she  
     Proclaims how great her naval skill is—  
 Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys  
     Imagin'd themselves *water-lilies*.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,  
     But,—still more fatal execution—  
 The Great Legitimates themselves  
     Seem'd in a state of dissolution.  
 Th' indignant Czar—when just about  
     To issue a sublime Ukase,  
 “Whereas all light must be kept out”—  
     Dissolv'd to nothing in its blaze.  
 Next Prussia took his turn to melt,  
 And, while his lips illustrious felt  
 The influence of this southern air,  
     Some word, like “Constitution,” long  
 Congeal'd in frosty silence there,  
     Came slowly thawing from his tongue.

While Louis, lapsing by degrees,  
 And sighing out a faint adieu  
 To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese  
 And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,  
 Himself, into a *fondu* too ;—  
 Or like that goodly King they make  
 Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,  
 When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,  
 It melts into a shapeless mass !

In short, I scarce could count a minute,  
 Ere the bright dome, and all within it,  
 Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone—  
 And nothing now was seen or heard  
 But the bright river, rushing on,  
 Happy as an enfranchis'd bird,  
 And prouder of that natural ray,  
 Shining along its chainless way—  
 More proudly happy thus to glide  
 In simple grandeur to the sea,  
 Than when in sparkling fetters tied,

And deck'd with all that Kingly pride —  
Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream—and, I confess,  
I tremble at its awfulness.  
That Spanish Dance—that southern beam—  
But I say nothing—there's my dream—  
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,  
May make just what she pleases of it.

## FABLE II.

### THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

---

#### *Proem.*

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections  
Rais'd to the throne, 'tis strange to see  
What different and what odd perfections  
Men have requir'd in Royalty.  
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,  
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight—  
Some wish'd them tall—some thought your dumpy  
Dutch built the true Legitimate \*.  
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,  
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head—†

\* The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King.—Munster, *Cosmog. Lib. III. p. 164.*

† “In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable.”

*Oriental Field Sports.*

Th' Egyptians wer'n't at all partic'lar,  
 So that their Kings had not red hair—  
*This* fault not ev'n the greatest stickler  
 For the blood royal well could bear.

A thousand more such illustrations  
 Might be adduc'd from various nations.  
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,  
 Touching th' acquir'd or natural right  
 Which some men have to rule their fellows,  
 There 's one, which I shall here recite :—



*Fable.*

There was a land—to *name* the place  
 Is neither now my wish nor duty—  
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,  
 By right of their superior beauty.



What was the cut legitimate

Of these great persons' chins and noses,  
By right of which they rul'd the state,  
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—

Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,  
Had voted them a beauteous race,  
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,

Some change it made in visual organs ;  
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—  
But all your *common* people, gorgons !

Of course, if any knave but hinted

That the King's nose was turn'd awry,  
Or that the Queen (God save us) squinted—  
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,  
 The people to their King were duteous,  
 And took it, on his Royal word,  
 That they were frights, and he was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,  
 Was simply this—these island elves  
 Had never yet seen looking-glasses,  
 And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces  
 Might strike them as more full of reason,  
 More fresh than those in certain places—  
 But, Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,  
 And take his face's part, 'tis known  
 We never half so earnest labour,  
 As when the face attack'd 's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing—  
 (As crowds well govern'd always do)  
 Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—  
 So old the joke, they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,  
 Must have an end—and so, one day,  
 Upon that coast there was a cargo  
 Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,  
 Had laid their wicked heads together,  
 And forced that ship to founder there,—  
 While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight  
 Was landed without fees or duties—  
 And from that hour historians date  
 The downfal of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,  
 And grew so common through the land,  
 That scarce a tinker could walk out,  
 Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,  
 And night, their constant occupation—  
 By dint of looking-glasses, soon,  
 They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors  
 In all the old, establish'd mazards,  
 Prohibited the use of mirrors,  
 And tried to break them at all hazards—

In vain—their laws might just as well  
 Have been waste paper on the shelves ;  
 That fatal freight had broke the spell ;  
 People had look'd—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,  
 Presum'd upon his antient face,  
 (Some calf-head, ugly from all time)  
 They popp'd a mirror to his Grace—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
 How little Nature holds it true,  
 That what is call'd an antient line,  
 Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phyzzes,  
 Compar'd them proudly with their own,  
 And cried, "how *could* such monstrous quizzes  
 In Beauty's name usurp the throne!"—

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,  
 Upon Cosmetical Œconomy,  
 Which made the King try various looks,  
 But none improv'd his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court they levell'd,  
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,  
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd  
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,  
To spare some loyal folks' sensations ;—  
Besides, what follows is the tale  
Of all such late-enlighten'd nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
A truth they should have sooner known—  
That Kings have neither rights nor noses  
A whit diviner than their own.

## FABLE III.

### THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

---

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—

Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,  
And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn—  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
 'Twas, in itself, a joy to see—  
 While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,  
 “ That torch they pass is Liberty!”

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,  
 Lighted her altar with its ray,  
 Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
 Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION first, whose antient shrine  
 Was furnish'd with the fire already,  
 COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,  
 And lit a flame, like ALBION's, steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,  
 And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
 The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
 As she would set the world a-blazing!



And, when she fir'd her altar, high  
 It flash'd into the redd'ning air  
 So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,  
 Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,  
 Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark  
 She flung upon her shrine could stir,  
 'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth  
 So much to mortals, rarely dies—  
 Again her living light look'd forth,  
 And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,  
 Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,  
 That ever through such hands should pass  
 That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,  
 When, frighted by the sparks it shed,  
 Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,  
 She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd,  
 But GREECE, who saw her moment now,  
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,  
 And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er  
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
 Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
 Who thus in song their voices blended:—

“ Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,  
 “ Divinest gift of Gods to men!  
 “ From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,  
 “ To GREECE thy ray returns again.

“ Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
“ When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,  
“ Till not a shrine through earth be found,  
“ On which thy glories shall not burn!”

I have been thinking of you very much lately  
 and wondering how you are getting on. I hope  
 you are well and happy. I have been very busy  
 lately but I will write to you soon.

Love  
 Mother

I have been thinking of you very much lately  
 and wondering how you are getting on. I hope

you are well and happy. I have been very busy  
 lately but I will write to you soon.

Love  
 Mother

I have been thinking of you very much lately  
 and wondering how you are getting on. I hope

you are well and happy. I have been very busy  
 lately but I will write to you soon.

Love  
 Mother

## FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

---

### *Proem.*

OF all that, to the sage's survey,  
This world presents of topsy-turvey,  
There's nought so much disturbs his patience,  
As little minds in lofty stations.

'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,  
Which slight and pigmy columns, under

Enormous arches, give beholders—

Or those poor Caryatides,  
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,

With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,  
Small minds are *born* into such places—

If they are there, by Right Divine,  
 Or any such sufficient reason,  
 Why—Heav'n forbid we should repine!—  
 To wish it otherwise were treason;  
 Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,  
 Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

SIR ROBERT FILMER says—and he,  
 Of course, knew all about the matter—  
 “Both men and beasts love Monarchy;”  
 Which proves how rational—the latter.  
 SIDNEY, indeed, we know, had quite  
 A different notion from the Knight.  
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,  
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle—  
 But this is Jacobin, ill-bred,  
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led  
 In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no—it is n't foolish Kings,  
 (Those fix'd, inevitable things—

Bores paramount, by right of birth)

That move my wrath, but your pretenders,  
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,

Who, not like t'others, *crown'd* offenders,  
(Regular, *gratiâ Dei* blockheads,  
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets)

Nor leaving, on the scale of mind,

These Royal Zeros far behind,

Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,

Push up into the loftiest stations,

And, though too dull to manage shops,

Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,

And stirs up spleen, and bile, and all.

While other senseless things appear

To know the limits of their sphere—

While not a cow on earth romances

So much as to conceit she dances—

While the most jumping frog we know of,

Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off—

Your ——s, your ——s dare,  
 Pigmy as are their minds, to set them  
 To *any* business, *any* where,  
 At *any* time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—  
 My business is, just now, with Kings;  
 To whom, and to their right-line glory,  
 I dedicate the following story.

---

*Fable.*

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;  
 And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,  
 They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their  
                   mummies,  
 In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.



They were also, good people, much given to Kings—  
 Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and  
 mystery,

Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things—  
 As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,  
 To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)  
 Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,  
 To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw\* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,  
 Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine;  
 While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,  
 Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—  
 “ If 't isn't impertinent, may I ask why

\* According to Ælian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony—*ὅθεν βουὴ ταῖς μυαῖς*.—De Animal. lib. ii. cap. 8.

“ Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,

“ Be thus offer’d up to a blue-bottle Fly?”

“ No wonder”—said t’other—“ you stare at the sight,

“ But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—

“ That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,

“ And that Bullock the People, that’s sacrificed  
to it.”

## FABLE V.

### CHURCH AND STATE.

---

#### *Proem.*

“ The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men’s interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them.”—  
SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did SOAME JENYNS,—though a Tory,  
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations—  
Feel how Religion’s simple glory  
Is stain’d by State associations.

When CATHERINE, after murdering Poles,  
Appeal’d to the benign Divinity—  
Then cut them up, in protocols,  
Made fractions of their very souls\*—  
All in the name of the bless’d Trinity;

\* *Ames, demi-amcs, &c.*

Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER,  
 That mighty Northern salamander,  
 Whose icy touch, felt all about,  
 Puts every fire of Freedom out—  
 When he, too, winds up his Ukases  
 With God and the Panagia's praises—  
 When he, of royal Saints the type,  
     In holy water dips the sponge,  
 With which, at one imperial wipe,  
     He would all human rights expunge!  
 When LOUIS (whom as King, and eater,  
 Some name *Dix-huit*, and some *Des-huitres*)  
 Calls down "St. Louis' God" to witness  
 The right, humanity, and fitness  
 Of sending eighty thousand Solons,  
     Sages, with muskets and lac'd coats,  
 To cram instruction, nolens volens,  
     Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats—  
 I can't help thinking (though to Kings  
     I must, of course, like other men, bow)

That when a Christian monarch brings  
 Religion's name to gloss these things—  
 Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow !

Or—not so far for facts to roam,  
 Having a few much nearer home—  
 When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,  
 “ Must Ireland's slaves be tith'd, and task'd,  
 “ And driv'n, like Negros or Croats,  
 “ That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss ?”  
 Look from beneath their shovel hats  
 With all due pomp, and answer “ Yes !”  
 But then, if question'd “ shall the brand  
 “ Intolerance flings throughout that land,  
 “ Betwixt her palaces and hovels,  
 “ Suff'ring nor peace nor love to grow,  
 “ Be ever quench'd ?”—from the same shovels  
 Look grandly forth, and answer “ No.”—  
 Alas, alas ! have *these* a claim  
 To merciful Religion's name ?

If more you want, go, see a bevy  
 Of bowing parsons at a levee—  
 (Choosing your time, when straw's before  
 Some apoplectic bishop's door)  
 There, if thou can'st, with life, escape  
 That sweep of lawn, that press of crape,  
 Just watch their rev'rences and graces,  
     Should'ring their way on, at all risks,  
 And say—if those round, ample faces  
     To heav'n or earth most turn their disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made,  
 'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade—  
 This most ill-match'd, unholy *Co.*,  
 From whence the ills we witness flow—  
 The war of many creeds with one—  
 Th' extremes of *too* much faith, and none—  
 The qualms, the fumes of sect and sceptic,  
 And all that Reason, grown dyspeptic  
 By swallowing forc'd or noxious creeds,  
 From downright indigestion breeds;

Till, 'twixt old bigotry and new,  
 'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant—the two  
 Rank ills with which this age is curst—  
 We can no more tell *which* is worst,  
 Than erst could Egypt, when so rich  
 In various plagues, determine which  
 She thought most pestilent and vile,  
 Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,  
 Croaking their native mud-notes loud,  
 Or her fat locusts, like a cloud  
 Of pluralists, obesely lowering,  
 At once benighting and devouring!—

This—this it is—and here I pray  
 Those sapient wits of the Reviews,  
 Who make us poor, dull authors say,  
 Not what we mean, but what they chuse;  
 Who to our most abundant shares  
 Of nonsense add still more of theirs,

And are to poets just such evils  
     As caterpillars find those flies\*,  
 That, not content to sting like devils,  
     Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—  
 To guard against such foul deposits  
     Of other's meaning in my rhymes,  
 (A thing more needful here, because it's  
     A subject, ticklish in these times)—  
 I, here, to all such wits make known,  
     Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,  
 'Tis *this* Religion—this alone—  
     I aim at in the following story.

\* “The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body—at every dart they depose an egg.”—GOLDSMITH.



*Fable.*

When Royalty was young and bold,  
 Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become—  
 If 'tis not civil to say *old*—  
 At least, a *çi-devant jeune homme*.

One evening, on some wild pursuit,  
 Driving along, he chanc'd to see  
 Religion, passing by on foot,  
 And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,  
 The humblest and the best of men,  
 Who ne'er had notion or desire  
 Of riding in a coach till then.

“ I say”—quoth Royalty, who rather  
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—  
 “ I say, suppose, my good old father,  
 “ You lend me, for a while, your cloak.”

The friar consented—little knew

What tricks the youth had in his head;  
 Besides, was rather tempted too  
 By a lac'd coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,

Scampering like mad about the town;  
 Broke windows—shiver'd lamps to smash,  
 And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,  
 Learn of the "why" or the "wherefore,"  
 Except that 'twas Religion's cloak  
 The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd  
 By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too—  
 Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—  
 And storm'd about as great men do—

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—

Said “damn you” often, or as bad—

Laid claim to other people’s purses—

In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,

And flesh and blood no longer bore it,

The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,

Summon’d the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent,

(As Courts must wrangle to decide well)

Religion to St. Luke’s was sent,

And Royalty pack’d off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be

Restor’d, in due time, to their senses,

They both must give security,

In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,

Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;

And Royalty to crack his joke

But *not* to crack poor people's heads too.

## FABLE VI.

### THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

---

#### *Proem.*

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,  
The daughter of a learn'd Law Doctor \*,  
Who had with all the subtleties  
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,  
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,  
And over hearts held such dominion,  
That when her father, sick in bed,  
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,  
To lecture on the Code Justinian,  
She had a curtain drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students

\* Andreas.

Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence\*.

Just so it is with Truth—when *seen*,  
Too fair and bright—'tis from behind  
A light, thin allegoric screen,  
She thus can safest teach mankind.

---

*Fable.*

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,  
A little Lama, one year old—  
Rais'd to the throne, that realm to bless,  
Just when his little Holiness

\* Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Novelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin que la biauté d'elle n'empêchât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle.—*Christ. de Pise, Cité des Dames*, p. 11. cap. 36.

Had cut—as near as can be reckon'd—  
 Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.  
 Chronologers and Nurses vary,  
 Which proves historians should be wary.  
 We only know th' important truth,  
 His Majesty *had* cut a tooth\*.

And much his subjects were enchanted,  
 As well all Lamas' subjects may be,  
 And would have giv'n their heads, if wanted,  
 To make tee-totums for the baby.  
 As he was there by Right Divine—  
 (What Lawyers call *Jure Divino*,  
 Meaning a right to yours, and mine,  
 And every body's goods and rhino)

\* See Turner's Embassy to Thibet for an account of his interview with the Lama.—“Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum.”

Of course, his faithful subjects' purses  
 Were ready with their aids and succours—  
 Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,  
 And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,  
 Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,  
 Ye Gods, what room for long debates  
 Upon the Nursery Estimates!  
 What cutting down of swaddling-clothes  
 And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!  
 What calls for papers to expose  
 The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!  
 But no—if Thibet *had* M. P.'s,  
 They were far better bred than these;  
 Nor gave the slightest opposition,  
 During the Monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm—for, just when he  
 Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,



When royal natures—and, no doubt,  
 Those of *all* noble beasts break out—  
 The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
 Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;  
 And, ripe for mischief, early, late,  
 Without regard for Church or State,  
 Made free with whosoe'er came nigh—

    Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,  
 Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,

    And trod on the old Generals' toes—  
 Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,

    Rode cock-horse on the City maces,  
 And shot, from little devilish guns,

    Hard peas into his subjects' faces.  
 In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,

    And grew so mischievous, God bless him!  
 That his chief Nurse—though with the aid  
 Of an Archbishop—was afraid,

    When in these moods, to comb or dress him.

And ev'n the persons, most inclin'd

For Kings, through thick and thin, to stickle,  
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,  
Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot Lords—a breed

Of animals they have in Thibet,  
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,

For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit—  
Some patriot lords, seeing the length  
To which things went, combin'd their strength,  
And penn'd a manly, plain and free  
Remonstrance to the Nursery;  
In which, protesting that they yielded  
To none, that ever went before 'em,  
In loyalty to him who wielded  
Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em—  
That, as for treason, 'twas a thing  
That made them almost sick to think of—

That they and theirs stood by the King,  
 Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,  
 When others, thinking him consumptive,  
 Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive!—  
 But, still—though much admiring Kings,  
 (And chiefly those in leading-strings)  
 They saw, with shame and grief of soul,  
 There was no longer now the wise  
 And constitutional control  
 Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes;  
 But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,  
 And freaks occur'd the whole day long,  
 As all, but men with bishopricks,  
 Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong—  
 Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd  
 That Honourable Nursery,  
 That such reforms be henceforth made,  
 As all good men desir'd to see;—  
 In other words (lest they might seem  
 Too tedious) as the gentlest scheme

For putting all such pranks to rest,  
 And in its bud the mischief nipping—  
 They ventur'd humbly to suggest  
 His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read—no Congreve rocket,  
 Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,  
 E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it  
 Produc'd upon the Nursery benches.  
 The Bishops, who of course had votes,  
 By right of age and petticoats,  
 Were first and foremost in the fuss—  
 “What, whip a Lama! suffer birch  
 “To touch his sacred——infamous!  
 “Deistical!—assailing thus  
 “The fundamentals of the Church!—  
 “No—no—such patriot plans as these,  
 “(So help them Heaven—and their Sees!)  
 “They held to be rank blasphemies.”

The alarm thus giv'n, by these and other  
 Grave ladies of the Nursery side,  
 Spread through the land, till, such a pothor,

Such party squabbles, far and wide,  
 Never in history's page had been  
 Recorded, as were then between  
 The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.  
 Till, things arriving at a state,

Which gave some fears of revolution,  
 The patriot Lords' advice, though late,  
 Was put, at last in execution.

The Parliament of Thibet met—

The little Lama, call'd before it,  
 Did, then and there, his whipping get,  
 And (as the Nursery Gazette

Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some  
 Lament that Royal Martyrdom,

(Please to observe, the letter D  
In this last word's pronounc'd like B)  
Yet to th' example of that Prince  
    So much is Thibet's land a debtor,  
'Tis said, her little Lamas, since,  
    Have all behav'd themselves *much* better.

## FABLE VII.

### THE EXTINGUISHERS.

---

#### *Proem.*

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,  
The natural allies of Courts,  
Woe to the Monarch, who depends  
Too *much* on his red-coated friends ;  
For even soldiers sometimes think—

Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*,—  
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,  
Or red, or blue, are on the brink  
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are  
As fond of liberty as Mina ;  
Else—woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever  
Once turns into a *Scarletina* !

For then—but hold—'tis best to veil  
My meaning in the following Tale :

---

*Fable.*

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,  
Just come into a large estate,  
Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,  
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,  
Whose fires, beneath his very nose,  
In heretic combustion rose.  
But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,  
Do what they will—so, one fine morning,  
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,  
First giving a few kicks for warning.  
Then, thanking heaven most piously,  
He knock'd their Temple to the ground,  
Blessing himself for joy to see  
Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.



But much it vex'd my Lord to find,  
 That, while all else obey'd his will,  
 The Fire these Ghebers left behind,—  
 Do what he would—kept burning still.  
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown  
 Could scare the bright insurgent down;  
 But, no—such fires are head-strong things,  
 And care not much for Lords or Kings.  
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive  
 The flashes in *one* place to smother,  
 Before—hey, presto—all alive,  
 They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and damns,  
 'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,  
 His stewards came, with low *salams*,  
 Offering, by *contract*, to provide him  
 Some large Extinguishers (a plan,  
 Much us'd, they said, at Ispahan,  
 Vienna, Petersburgh—in short,  
 Wherever Light's forbid at court)

Machines no Lord should be without,  
 Which would, at once, put promptly out  
 Fires of all kinds,—from staring, stark  
 Volcanos to the tiniest spark,—  
 Till all things slept as dull and dark,  
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,  
 'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies  
 Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd,  
 (All of the true Imperial size,)  
 And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,  
 Ready, where'er a gleam but shone  
 Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah! how lordly wisdom errs,  
 In trusting to extinguishers!  
 One day, when he had left all sure,  
 (At least, *believ'd* so) dark, secure—  
 The flame, at all its exits, entries,  
 Obstructed to his heart's content,

And black extinguishers, like sentries,

Plac'd upon every dangerous vent—

Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,

His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,

He found not only the old blaze,

Brisk as before, crackling and burning,—

Not only new, young conflagrations,

Popping up round in various stations—

But, still more awful, strange, and dire,

Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire!! \*

They, they—those trusty, blind machines

His Lordship had so long been praising,

As, under Providence, the means

Of keeping down all lawless blazing,

\* The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots*, which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the “ Letters to Julia,”—a production, which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this, or any age.

Were now, themselves,—alas, too true  
 The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too,  
 And, by a change as odd as cruel,  
 Instead of dampers, serv'd for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,

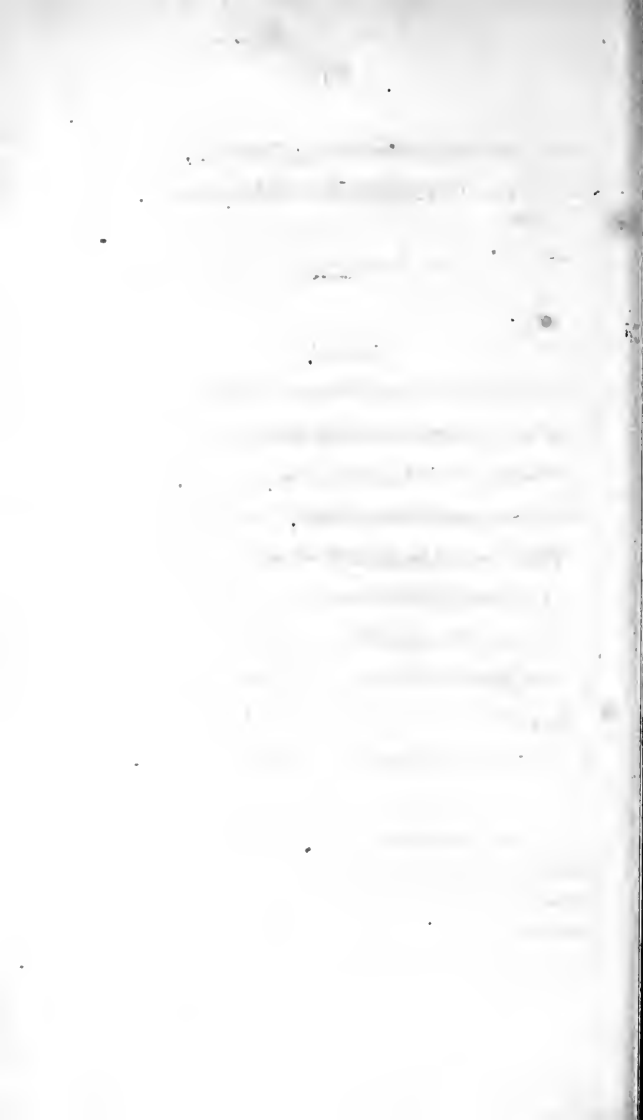
“What,” said the great man, “must be done?”—  
 All that, in scrapes like this, is left  
 To great men is—to cut and run.  
 So run he did; while to their grounds,  
 The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd;  
 And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,  
 And all abroad now wildly burn'd,  
 Yet well could they, who lov'd the flame,  
 Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;  
 And soon another, fairer Dome  
 Arose to be its sacred home,  
 Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,  
 The living glory dwelt inshrin'd,

And, shedding lustre strong, but even,  
Though born of earth, grew worthy heav'n.

---

*Moral.*

The moral hence my Muse infers  
Is—that such Lords are simple elves,  
In trusting to Extinguishers,  
That are combustible themselves.



## FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

---

THE money rais'd—the army ready—  
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy  
Valiantly braying in the van,  
To the old tune “*eh, eh, Sire Âne\*!*” —  
Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,  
To make French *sentiment* explode,  
Bring in, at once, the *gouût* fanatic,  
And make the war “*la derniere mode*” —  
Instantly, at the *Pav'llon Marsan*,  
Is held an Ultra consultation—

\* They celebrated in the dark ages at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before him this elegant anthem “*eh, eh, eh, Sire Âne, eh, eh, eh, Sire Âne.*” —Warton's Essay on Pope.

What's to be done, to help the farce on?

What stage-effect, what decoration,  
To make this beauteous France forget,  
In one, grand, glorious *pirouette*,  
All that she swore to but last week,  
And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"  
Rush forth to this, or *any* war,  
Without inquiring once—"what for?"

After some plans propos'd by each,  
Lord Chateaubriand made a speech,  
(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,  
Or rather what men's rights should be,  
From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,  
And other friends to Liberty)  
Wherein he—having first protested  
'Gainst humouring the mob—suggested  
(As the most high-bred plan he saw  
For giving the new War *eclat*)  
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,  
To be got up at Nôtre Dame,



In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness !

Had by his *hilt* acquired such fame,

'Twas hop'd that he as little shyness

Would show, when to *the point* he came)

Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,

Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started ;

With power, by Royal Ordonnance,

To bear that name—at least in France.

Himself—the Viscount Chateaubriand—

(To help th' affair with more *esprit* on)

Offering, for this baptismal rite,

Some of his own fam'd Jordan water \*—

(Marie Louise not having quite

Us'd all that for young Nap he brought her)

The baptism, in *this* case, to be

Applied to that extremity,

\* Brought from the river Jordan by M. Chateaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.

Which Bourbon heroes most expose,  
 And which—as well all Europe knows—  
 Happens to be, in this Defender  
 Of the true Faith, extremely tender\*.

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme  
 Too rash and premature should seem—  
 If thus discounting heroes, *on tick*—

    This glory, by anticipation,  
 Was too much in the *genre romantique*

    For such a highly classic nation,  
 He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians  
 A practice had in their dominions,  
 Which, if at Paris got up well,  
 In full *costume*, was sure to tell.

At all great epochs, good or ill,

    They have, says BRUCE, (and BRUCE ne'er budes

\* See the Duke's celebrated letter to Madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says "j'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé."

From the strict truth) a Grand Quadrille

In public danc'd by the Twelve Judges—\*

And, he assures us, the grimaces,

The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces

Of persons, so profound and stately,

Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

“ Now, (said the Viscount) though there's few

“ Great Empires, where this plan would do—

“ For instance, England—let them take

“ What pains they would—'twere vain to strive—

“ The twelve stiff Judges there would make

“ The worst Quadrille-set now alive!

“ One must have seen them, ere one could

“ Imagine properly JUDGE WOOD,

“ Performing, in his wig, so gaily,

“ A *queue-de-chat* with JUSTICE BAILEY!

“ French Judges, though, are, by no means,

“ This sort of stiff, be-wigg'd machines;

\* “ On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure dance, &c.” Book 5.

“ And we, who’ve seen them at *Saumur*,  
 “ And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure  
 “ They’d dance quadrilles, or any thing,  
 “ That would be pleasing to the King—  
 “ Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do,  
 “ To please the little Duke de Bordeaux !”

After these wise proposals came  
 Some others—needless now to name,  
 Since that, which Monsieur made, himself,  
 Soon doom’d all others to the shelf,  
 And was received, *par acclamation*,  
 As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)  
 That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,  
 That *Coryphée* of all crown’d pates,  
 That pink of the Legitimates—  
 Had, when, with many a pious pray’r, he  
 Bequeath’d unto the Virgin Mary

His marriage deeds, and *cordons bleu*\*,  
 Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too—  
 (An offering which, at Court 'tis thought,  
 The Virgin values as she ought)—  
 That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,  
 The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,  
 To watch and tend whose curls ador'd,  
     Re-build the towering roof, when flat,  
 And round the rumpled base, a Board  
     Of sixty Barbers daily sat †,

\* “Louis 14 fit présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que l'on conserve soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrenées*, magnifiquement relié.”—Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir, &c.

† The learned Author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques* says that the Board consisted but of Forty—the same number as the Academy. “Le plus beau tems des perruques fut celui où Louis 14 commença à porter, lui-même, perruque ; . . . . . On ignore l'époque où se fit cette revolution ; mais on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la cour ; et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris.”—p. 111.

With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,  
 Well pension'd from the Civil List—  
 That wondrous Wig, array'd in which,  
 And strong alike to awe or witch,  
 He beat all other heirs of crowns,  
 In taking mistresses and towns,  
 Requiring but a shot at *one*,  
 A smile at *t'other*, and 'twas done!—

“ That Wig, (said Monsieur, while his brow  
 Rose proudly,) “ is existing now—

“ That Grand Perruque, amid the fall

“ Of every other Royal glory,

“ With curls erect survives them all,

“ And tells in every hair their story.

“ Think, think, how welcome at this time

“ A relic, so belov'd, sublime !

“ What worthier standard of the Cause

“ Of Kingly Right can France demand ?

“ Or who among our ranks can pause

“ To guard it, while a curl shall stand ?

- “ Behold, my friends—(while thus he cried,  
 A curtain, which conceal’d this pride  
 Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)  
 “ See that august Perruque—how big  
   “ With recollections for the world—  
 “ For France—for us—Great Louis’ Wig,  
   “ By HIPPOLYTE\* new frizz’d and curl’d—  
 “ *New frizz’d!* alas, ’tis but too true,  
 “ Well may you start at that word *new*—  
 “ But such the sacrifice, my friends,  
 “ Th’ Imperial Cossack recommends,  
 “ Thinking such small concessions sage,  
 “ To meet the spirit of the age,  
 “ And do what best that spirit flatters,  
 “ In Wigs—if not in weightier matters.  
 “ Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show  
 “ That *we* too, much-wrong’d Bourbons, know  
 “ What liberalism in Monarchs is,  
 “ We have conceded the New Friz!

\* A celebrated *Coiffeur* of the present day.

- “ Thus arm’d, ye gallant Ultras, say,  
 “ Can men, can Frenchmen fear the fray?  
 “ With this proud relic in our van,  
     “ And D’ANGOULEME our worthy leader,  
 “ Let rebel Spain do all she can,  
     “ Let recreant England arm and feed her,  
 “ Urg’d by that pupil of Hunt’s school,  
 “ That Radical, Lord LIVERPOOL—  
 “ France can have nought to fear—far from it—  
     “ When once astounded Europe sees  
 “ The Wig of LOUIS, like a Comet,  
     “ Streaming above the Pyrenées,  
 “ All’s o’er with Spain—then on, my sons,  
     “ On, my incomparable Duke,  
 “ And, shouting for the Holy Ones,  
     “ Cry *Vive la Guerre—et la Perruque!*”



**RHYMES ON THE ROAD,**  
**EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL**  
**OF A**  
**TRAVELLING MEMBER OF THE POCO-**  
**CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.**



THE Gentleman, from whose Journal the following extracts are taken, was obliged to leave England some years ago (in consequence of an unfortunate attachment, which might have ended in bringing him into Doctor's Commons), and has but very recently been able to return to England. The greater part of these poems were, as he himself mentions in his Introduction, written or composed in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling; and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have lately been called "a *psychological* curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses, made by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.



## INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

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*Different Attitudes in which Authors compose.—Bayes,  
Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c.—Writing in Bed  
—in the Fields.—Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore.  
—Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs.—Madame de  
Staël.—Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.*

WHAT various attitudes, and ways,  
And tricks, we authors have in writing !  
While some write sitting, some, like BAYES,  
Usually stand, while they 're inditing.  
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,  
Measuring a line at every stride ;

While some, like HENRY STEPHENS, pour out  
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride\*.

HERODOTUS wrote most in bed;

And RICHERAND, a French physician,  
Declares the clock-work of the head  
Goes best in that reclined position.

If you consult MONTAIGNE † and PLINY on  
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion  
That Thought its richest harvest yields  
Abroad, among the woods and fields;  
That bards, who deal in small retail,  
At home may, at their counters, stop,  
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,  
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.

\* *Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit.—Paravicin.  
Singular.*

† “ Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis.”—*Montaigne.*  
*Animus eorum qui in aperto acre ambulat, attollitur.—*  
*Pliny.*

And truly I suspect they 're right—

For, many a time, on summer eves,  
Just at that closing hour of light,

When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves  
For distant war his Haram bowers,  
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,  
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing  
Mid all the glory of his going—

Ev'n *I* have felt, beneath those beams,

When wand'ring through the fields alone,  
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,

That, far too bright to be my own,  
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,  
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,

The few, whom genuine Genius warms,  
And stamps upon their soul his seal,

Graven with Beauty's countless forms ;—

The few upon this earth, who seem  
 Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,  
 Since in their souls, as in a glass,  
     Shadows of things divine appear—  
 Reflections of bright forms that pass  
     Through fairer worlds, beyond our sphere !

But this reminds me I digress;—  
     For PLATO, too, produc'd, 'tis said,  
 (As one, indeed, might almost guess)  
     His glorious visions all in bed\*.

'Twas in his carriage the sublime  
 Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme;

\* The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says :

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,  
 Desedit totos heic Plato sæpe dies.



And (if the wits don't do him wrong)  
 'Twixt death and epics pass'd his time,  
 Scribbling and killing all day long—  
 Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,  
 Now warbling forth a lofty song,  
 Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,  
 Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains  
 And horrors of exenteration,  
 Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,  
 You'll find preserv'd, with a translation,  
 By BARTHOLINUS in his book\*.

In short, 'twere endless to recite  
 The various modes in which men write.

\* Eâdem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelicem  
 agenti fuit Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum,  
 intestina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim novem  
 carmina cecinit, etc.—*Bartholin. de causis contempt. mort.*

Some wits are only in the mind,

When beaux and belles are round them prating;  
Some, when they dress for dinner, find

Their muse and valet both in waiting,  
And manage, at the self-same time,  
To' adjust a neck-cloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble  
Without a glove, to tear or nibble,  
Or a small twig to whisk about—

As if the hidden founts of Fancy,  
Like those of water, were found out

By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.  
Such was the little feathery wand\*,  
That, held for ever in the hand

Of her, who won and wore the crown

Of female genius in this age,  
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down

Those words of lightning on her page.

\* Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.

As for myself—to come, at last,  
 To the odd way in which *I* write—  
 Having employed these few months past  
 Chiefly in travelling, day and night,  
 I've got into the easy mode,  
 You see, of rhyming on the road—  
 Making a way-bill of my pages,  
 Counting my stanzas by my stages—  
 'Twixt lays and *re-lays* no time lost—  
 In short, in two words, *writing post*.  
 My verses, I suspect, not ill  
 Resembling the craz'd vehicle  
 (An old *calèche*, for which a villain  
 Charg'd me some twenty Naps at Milan)  
 In which I wrote them—patch'd-up things,  
 On weak, but rather easy, springs,  
 Jingling along, with little in 'em,  
 And (where the road is not so rough,  
 Or deep, or lofty, as to spin 'em  
 Down precipices) safe enough.—

Too ready to take fire, I own,  
And *then*, too, nearest a break-down ;  
But, for my comfort, hung so low,  
I haven't, in falling, far to go.—  
With all this, light, and swift, and airy,  
And carrying (which is best of all)  
But little for the *Doganieri* \*  
Of the Reviews to overhaul.

\* Custom-house Officers.

## EXTRACT I.

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Geneva.

*View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura\*.—  
Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down.—  
Obliged to proceed on Foot.—Alps.—Mont Blanc.  
—Effect of the Scene.*

'TWAS late—the sun had almost shone  
His last and best, when I ran on,  
Anxious to reach that splendid view,  
Before the day-beams quite withdrew ;

\* Between Vattay and Gex.

And feeling as all feel, on first  
 Approaching scenes, where, they are told,  
 Such glories on their eyes shall burst,  
 As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,  
 Full often was my wistful gaze  
 Turn'd to the sun, who now began  
 To call in all his out-post rays,  
 And form a denser march of light,  
 Such as beseems a hero's flight.  
 Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's power,  
 To stay the brightness of that hour!  
 But no—the sun still less became,  
 Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid  
 And small as were those tongues of flame,  
 That on th' Apostles' heads descended!  
  
 'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd  
 This last, intensest gleam of light—

Suddenly, through the opening road,  
 The valley burst upon my sight!  
 That glorious valley, with its Lake,  
 And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,  
 Mighty, and pure, and fit to make  
 The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced and mute—as they  
 Of ISRAEL think th' assembled world  
 Will stand, upon that awful day,  
 When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd  
 Among the opening clouds shall shine,  
 Divinity's own radiant sign!  
 Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,  
 That minute, with thy brow in heaven,  
 As sure a sign of Deity  
 As e'er to mortal gaze was given.  
 Nor ever, were I destin'd yet  
 To live my life twice o'er again,

Can I the deep-felt awe forget,  
 The ecstasy that thrill'd me then !

'Twas all that consciousness of power  
 And life, beyond this mortal hour ;—  
 Those mountings of the soul within  
 At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin  
 By instinct in the cage to rise,  
 When near their time for change of skies—  
 That proud assurance of our claim

To rank among the Sons of Light,  
 Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—

At having risk'd that splendid right,  
 For aught that earth, through all its range  
 Of glories, offers in exchange !

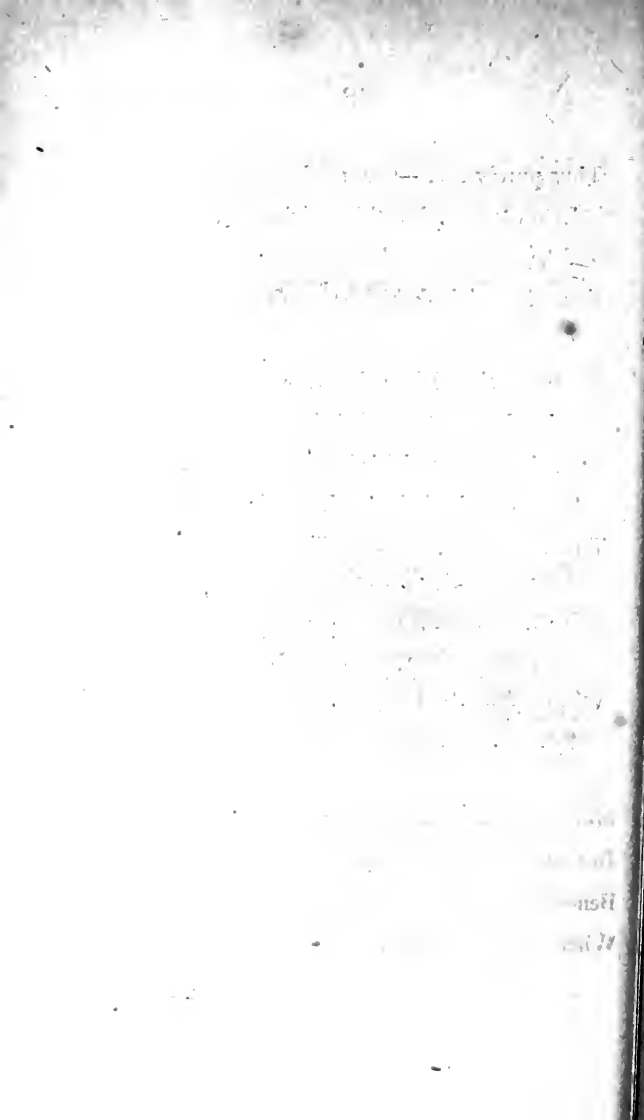
'Twas all this, at the instant brought,  
 Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—

'Twas all this, kindled to a glow  
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine



Thus purely ever—man might grow,  
 Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,  
 And be, once more, the creature made  
 To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace  
 Of what I've felt in this bright place.  
 And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
 Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power,  
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
 At the same calm and glowing hour,  
 And here, at the sublimest shrine  
 That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,  
 Rekindle all that hope divine,  
 And *feel* my immortality!



## EXTRACT II.

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Venice.

*The Fall of Venice not to be lamented.—Former Glory.  
—Expedition against Constantinople.—Giustinianis.  
—Republic.—Characteristics of the old Govern-  
ment.—Golden Book.—Brazen Mouths.—Spies.—  
Dungeons.—Present Desolation.*

MOURN not for VENICE—let her rest  
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,  
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,  
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.

No—let us keep our tears for them,  
 Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been  
 Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,  
 Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,  
 But from high daring in the cause  
 Of human Rights—the only good  
 And blessed strife, in which man draws  
 His powerful sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for VENICE—though her fall  
 Be awful, as if Ocean's wave  
 Swept o'er her—she deserves it all,  
 And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.  
 Thus perish ev'ry King and State,  
 That run the guilty race she ran,  
 Strong but in fear, and only great  
 By outrage against God and man !

True, her high spirit is at rest,  
 And all those days of glory gone,

When the world's waters, east and west,  
 Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;  
 When, with her countless barks she went  
 To meet the Orient Empire's might\*,  
 And the Giustinianis sent  
 Their hundred heroes to that fight†.

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,  
 But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,  
 (Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,  
 Hurls to the dust the guilty Great)  
 Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,  
 The chains, the rapine, and the blood,  
 That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,  
 Where the Republic's standard stood!

\* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

† “ La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition ; elle fournit cent combattans ; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome ; le même malheur les attendait.”—*Histoire de Venise par Daru.*

Desolate VENICE! when I track  
 Thy haughty course through centuries back;  
 Thy ruthless power, obey'd but curst—  
     The stern machinery of thy State,  
 Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,  
     Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate.  
 Thy perfidy, still worse than aught  
 Thy own unblushing SARPIS\* taught;—  
 Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath  
 Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death†;—  
 Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,  
     Shut against humble Virtue's name‡,

\* The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

† Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see *Daru*, vol. II. p. 141.

‡ “ A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil

But open'd wide for slaves who sold

Their native land to thee and shame \*;—

Thy all-pervading host of spies,

Watching o'er every glance and breath,

Till men look'd in each others' eyes,

To read their chance of life or death;—

Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,

And legaliz'd th' assassin's knife †;—

pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle."—*Daru*.

\* Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

† By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems

Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,  
 And racks, and Leads\*, that burnt out life;—

When I review all this, and see  
 What thou art sunk and crush'd to now;  
 Each harpy maxim, hatch'd by thee,  
 Return'd to roost on thy own brow—  
 Thy Nobles, towering once aloft,  
 Now sunk in chains—in chains, that have  
 Not ev'n that borrow'd grace, which oft  
 The master's fame sheds o'er the slave,  
 But are as mean as e'er were given  
 To stiff-neck'd Pride by angry Heaven—  
 I feel the moral vengeance sweet,  
 And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat

to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

\* “ Les prisons des plombs ; c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ar-  
 dentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les ter-  
 rasses qui couvrent le palais.”

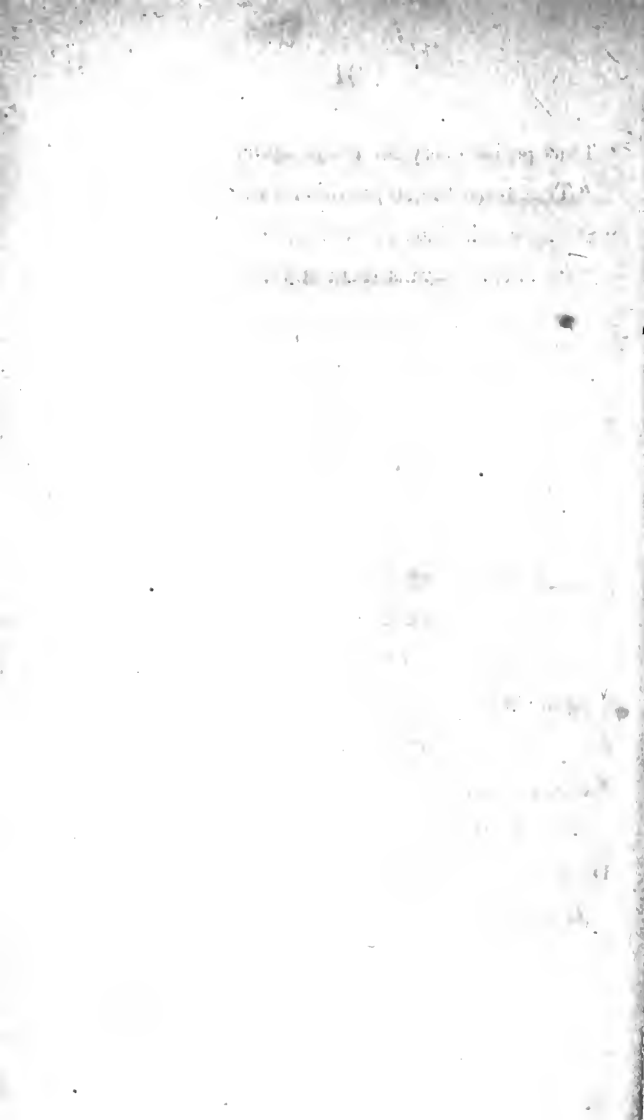


“ Thus perish every King and State,

“ That tread the steps which VENICE trod,

“ Strong but in fear, and only great

“ By outrage against man and God!”



### EXTRACT III.

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Venice.

*L——d B——'s Memoirs, written by himself.—Reflections, when about to read them.*

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope  
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—  
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key  
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,  
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,  
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—

Let me, a moment, think what thousands live  
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,  
 Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow  
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now.  
 How all who know—and where is he unknown?  
 To what far region have his songs not flown,  
 Like PSAPHON'S birds\*, speaking their master's name,  
 In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?—  
 How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd  
 Within the circle of that splendid mind,  
 Like pow'rs, deriv'd from many a star, and met  
 Together in some wond'rous amulet,  
 Would burn to know when first the Light awoke  
 In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke  
 From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd  
 More bliss or pain in those on whom they blaz'd—

\* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world,  
 taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them  
 fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves*."

Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,  
 Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour ;  
 And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,

As did th' Egyptian traveller\*, when he stood  
 By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance  
 The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that  
 dwell

In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,  
 As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell

On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,  
 Can track a spirit, which, though driv'n to hate,  
 From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate ;  
 And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,  
 Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—  
 How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays  
 Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,

\* Bruce.

Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,  
 What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven  
 That noble nature into cold eclipse—

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,  
 And born, not only to surprise, but cheer  
 With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,  
 Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts  
 Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change  
 Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and  
 strange—

The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—  
 The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,  
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks

His virtues as his failings—we shall find  
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,  
 And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd—  
 Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,  
 In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still—

Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art  
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—  
 Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught  
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.  
 While they, who court the world, like MILTON'S  
     cloud\*,  
 “Turn forth their silver lining” on the crowd,  
 This gifted Being wraps himself in night,  
 And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,  
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,  
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

\* “Did a sable cloud

“Turn forth her silver lining on the night?”

*Comus.*

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general

introduction to the subject of the book.

2. The second part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of

the solution of the problem.

3. The third part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of

the solution of the problem.

4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of

the solution of the problem.

5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of

the solution of the problem.

6. The sixth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of

the solution of the problem.

7. The seventh part of the book is devoted to a



## EXTRACT IV.

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Venice.

*The English to be met with every where.—Alps and Threadneedle-street.—The Simplon and the Stocks.—Rage for travelling.—Blue Stockings among the Wahabees.—Parasols and Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.*

AND is there then no earthly place,  
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,  
Without some curst, round English face,  
Popping up near, to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,  
 Unholy cits we 're doom'd to meet ;  
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines  
 Are sacred from Threadneedle-street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,  
 Fancying we leave this world behind,  
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear  
 As—" Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—  
 " The Funds—(pew, curse this ugly hill)—  
 " Are lowering fast—(what, higher still ?)—  
 " And—(zooks, we 're mounting up to heaven !)—  
 " Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,  
 Eternal London haunts us still.  
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—  
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—  
 Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,  
 With every rill from Helicon !

And, if this rage for travelling lasts,  
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,  
 Old maidens, aldermen and squires,  
*Will* leave their puddings and coal fires,  
 To gape at things in foreign lands,  
 No soul among them understands—  
 If Blues desert their coteries,  
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees—  
 If neither sex nor age controls,  
     Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids  
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,  
     To glide among the Pyramids—\*  
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find  
 A spot, that 's free from London-kind !  
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,  
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"

\* It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—  
Or, flying to the Eastward, see  
Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea  
And toast upon the Wall of China!

## EXTRACT V.

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Florence.

No—'tis not the region where Love's to be found—

They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances  
that rove,

They have language a Sappho's own lip might re-  
sound,

When she warbled her best, but they've nothing  
like Love.

Nor is it that *sentiment* only they want,

Which Heav'n for the pure and the tranquil hath  
made—

Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,  
 Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the  
 shade;

That feeling, which, after long years are gone by,  
 Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,  
 Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,  
 The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,  
 With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,  
 Grow wreath'd into one—like the column, combin'd  
 Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's  
*flowers.*

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, every where,  
 By the ARNO, the Po, by all ITALY's streams—  
 Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,  
 Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his  
 dreams.

But it is not this, only—born, full of the light

Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons  
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,

That, beside him, our suns of the north are but  
moons !

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they  
burn'd,

And that Love, though unus'd, in this region of  
spring,

To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,

Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are* those explosions of heart,

Which burst, when the senses have first caught the  
flame ;

Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,

Where Love is a sun-stroke, that maddens the  
frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the  
soul,-

Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source  
Of some mountainous rivulet, destin'd to roll

As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends

A more head-long descent, without chance of recal;

But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,

And, at length, throws a halo of tears round its  
fall !

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even

In the ruin its madness too often hath made,

As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,

The heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only be found,

Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd  
over,



And fenc'd, from her childhood, with purity round,  
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover !

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,  
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move ;  
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,  
Can only be reach'd through the Temple of Love !

This perfection of Passion—how *can* it be found,  
Where the mysteries nature hath hung round the  
tie

By which souls are together attracted and bound,  
Are laid open, for ever, to heart, ear and eye—

Where nought of those innocent doubts can exist,  
That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,  
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,  
And curtains them round in their own, native  
light—

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,  
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought,  
 But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal  
 From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones  
 taught—

Oh no—'tis not here, howsoever we're given,  
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,  
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's heaven,  
 Here *is* not the region, to fix or to stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,  
 Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,  
*What* have they, a husband can mourn as a loss,  
*What* have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

## EXTRACT VI.

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Rome.

*Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.—The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May.—Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.—Rienzi's Speech.*

'T WAS a proud moment—ev'n to hear the words  
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breath'd,  
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,  
In the Republic's sacred name unsheath'd—

That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day  
 For his dear ROME, must to a Roman be—  
 Short as it was—worth ages past away  
 In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,  
 Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune  
 The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell  
 From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—  
 The sound of the church clock\*, near ADRIAN'S  
     Tomb,  
 Summon'd the warriors, who had ris'n for ROME,  
 To meet unarm'd, with nought to watch them there,  
 But God's own eye, and pass the night in prayer.

\* It is not easy to discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau here :—" Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix neuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la cloche, afin de pourvoir au Bon Etat."

Holy beginnning of a holy cause,  
 When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
 Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,  
 Call down its blessing on that awful fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band,  
 And, as the breeze, fresh from the TIBER, fann'd  
 Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see

The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of  
 heaven \*—

Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,

That were to bless them, when their chains were  
 riven.

On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,

While many a Shade of other times, that still  
 Around that grave of grandeur sighing rov'd,

Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,  
 And heard its mournful echoes, as the last  
 High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.

\* For a description of these banners, See Notes.

’Twas then that thou, their Tribune, (name, which  
 brought  
 Dreams of lost glory to each patriot’s thought)  
 Didst, from a spirit Rome in vain shall seek  
 To call up in her sons again, thus speak :—

- “ ROMANS, look round you—on this sacred place  
 “ There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike  
 men—  
 “ What see you now? what solitary trace  
 “ Is left of all, that made ROME’s glory then?  
 “ The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft  
 “ Ev’n of its name—and nothing now remains  
 “ But the deep memory of that glory, left  
 “ To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
 “ But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,  
 “ Treading the very soil our fathers trode,  
 “ What withering curse hath fall’n on soul and  
 frame,  
 “ What visitation hath there come from God,

- “ To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,  
 “ *Here*, on our great forefathers’ glorious graves?  
 “ It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,  
 “ If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
 “ These tyrant priests, that o’er your empire tread,  
 “ Till all but Romans, at Rome’s tameness blush !
- “ Happy PALMYRA in thy desert domes,  
 “ Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss ;  
 “ And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
 “ For the stork’s brood, superb PERSEPOLIS !  
 “ Thrice happy both, that your extinguish’d race  
 “ Have left no embers—no half-living trace—  
 “ No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
 “ Till past renown in present shame’s forgot.  
 “ While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
 “ If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl’d,  
 “ Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
 “ Th’ assembled thrones of all th’ existing world—

" ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain'd and curst,  
 " Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,  
 " By living human things—the deadliest, worst,  
 " This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves !  
 " And we\*—oh shame !—we, who have ponder'd o'er  
 " The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay ;  
 " Have mounted up the streams of antient lore,  
 " Tracking our country's glories all the way—  
 " Ev'n *we* have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground  
 " Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,

\* The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning " Spirto gentil," is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi ; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguené asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by Du Cerceau, where he says : " Pour tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramené le justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et tous les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or."



“ The World’s Imperial Mistress—sitting, crown’d

“ And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre\*!

“ But this is past—too long have lordly priests

“ And priestly lords led us, with all our pride

“ Withering about us—like devoted beasts,

“ Dragg’d to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.

“ ’Tis o’er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!

“ Up from his sleep of centuries awakes

“ The Genius of the Old Republic, free

“ As first he stood, in chainless majesty,

“ And sends his voice through ages yet to come,

“ Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!”

\* See Note.

The first of these is the fact that the  
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## EXTRACT VII.

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Rome.

*Mary Magdalen.—Her Story.—Numerous Pictures of her.—Correggio.—Guido.—Raphael, etc.—Canova's two exquisite Statues.—The Somariva Magdalen.—Ch—ntr—y's Admiration of Canova's Works.*

No wonder, MARY, that thy story  
Touches all hearts—for there we see  
The soul's corruption, and its glory,  
Its death and life, combin'd in thee.

From the first moment, when we find  
Thy spirit, haunted by a swarm

Of dark desires, which had inshrin'd  
 Themselves, like dæmons, in thy form,  
 Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,  
 Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold,  
 (So oft the gaze of BETHANY),  
 And, covering in their precious fold  
 Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears  
 As paid, each drop, the sins of years!—  
 Thence on, through all thy course of love  
 To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,  
 Whose bitter death-cup from above  
 Had yet this sweetening round the brim,  
 That woman's faith and love stood fast  
 And fearless by him to the last!  
 Till—blest reward for truth like thine!—  
 Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,  
 Before whose eyes that Face Divine,  
 When risen from the dead, first shone,  
 That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,  
 Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,

And make that bright revealment known  
 To hearts, less trusting than thy own—  
 All is affecting, cheering, grand ;

The kindest record ever given,  
 Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,  
 Of what Repentance wins from Heaven !

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,  
 In all its touching light of tears,  
 Should meet us in each holy place,

Where Man before his God appears,  
 Hopeless—were he not taught to see  
 All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee !

No wonder that the painter's skill  
 Should oft have triumph'd in the power  
 Of keeping thee most lovely still

Throughout thy sorrow's bitterest hour—  
 That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse  
 His melting shadows round thy form ;

That GUIDO's pale, unearthly hues  
     Should, in pourtraying thee, grow warm;  
 That all—from the ideal, grand,  
 Inimitable Roman hand,  
 Down to the small, enamelling touch  
     Of smooth CARLINO—should delight  
 In picturing her, who “lov'd so much,”  
     And was, in spite of sin; so bright!

But, MARY, 'mong the best essays  
 Of Genius and of Art to raise  
 A semblance of those weeping eyes—  
     A vision, worthy of the sphere  
 Thy faith has given thee in the skies,  
     And in the hearts of all men here;  
 Not one hath equall'd, hath come nigh  
     CANOVA's fancy—oh, not one  
 Hath made thee feel, and live, and die  
     In tears away; as *he* hath done,

In those bright images, more bright  
 With true expression's breathing light,  
 Than ever yet, beneath the stroke  
 Of chisel, into life awoke !

The one \*, pourtraying what thou wert  
 In thy first grief, while yet the flower  
 Of those young beauties was unhurt

By sorrow's slow, consuming power,  
 And mingling earth's luxurious grace  
 With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,  
 We gaze, and know not in *which* place

Such beauty most was form'd to dwell!—  
 The other, as thou look'dst, when years  
 Of fasting, penitence, and tears

\* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

Had worn thee down—and ne'er did Art

With half such mental power express

The ruin which a breaking heart

Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness!

Those wasted arms, that keep the trace,

Ev'n now, of all their youthful grace—

Those tresses, of thy charms the last

Whose pride forsook thee, wildly cast—

Those features, ev'n in fading worth

The freshest smiles to others given,

And those sunk eyes, that see not earth,

But whose last looks are full of heaven!

Wonderful artist! praise, like mine—

Though springing from a soul, that feels

Deep worship of those works divine,

Where Genius all his light reveals—

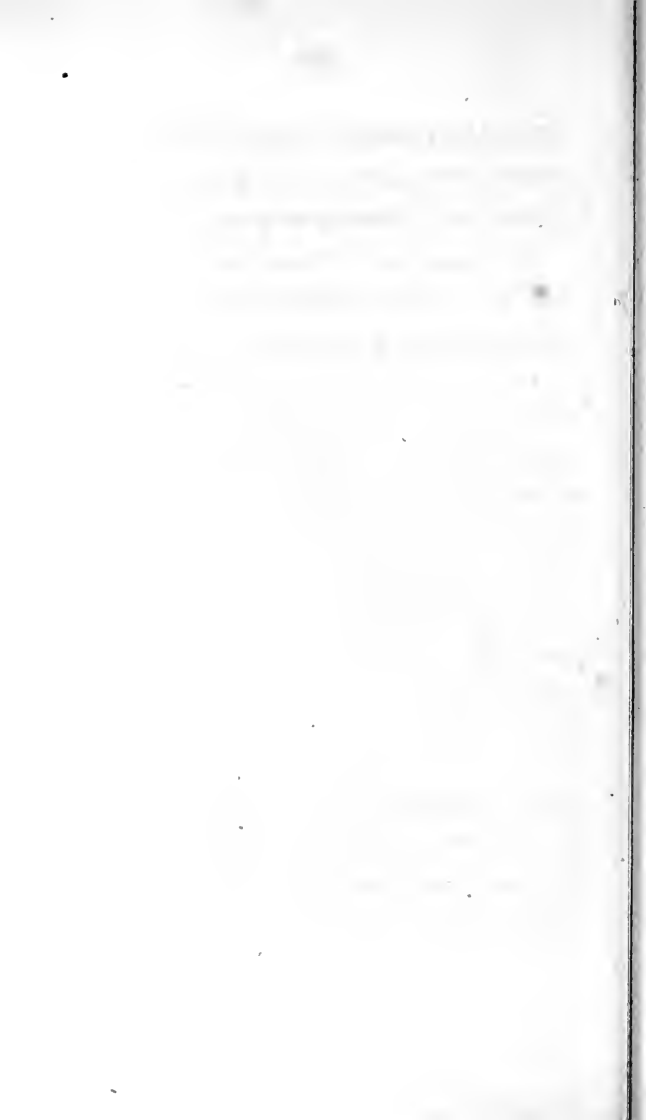
Is little to the words that came

From him, thy peer in art and fame,



Whom I have known, by day, by night,  
Hang o'er thy marble with delight,  
And, while his lingering hand would steal  
O'er every grace the taper's rays\*,  
Give thee, with all the generous zeal  
Such master spirits only feel,  
That best of fame, a rival's praise!

\* Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice, by the light of a small candle.



## EXTRACT VIII.

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Les Charmettes.

*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens.—Their Ménage.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the Spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.*

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw  
O'er all that's vicious, weak, and low,  
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes  
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes!

About a century since, or near,  
 A middle-ag'd Madame liv'd here,  
 With character, ev'n worse than most  
 Such middle-ag'd Madames can boast.  
 Her footman was—to gloss it over  
 With the most gentle term—her lover;  
 Nor yet so jealous of the truth

And charms of this impartial fair,  
 As to deny a pauper youth,  
 Who join'd their snug *ménage*, his share.  
 And there they liv'd, this precious three,  
 With just as little sense or notion  
 Of what the world calls decency,

As hath the sea-calf in the ocean.  
 And, doubtless, 'mong the grave, and good,  
 And gentle of their neighbourhood,  
 If known at all, they were but known

As strange, low people, low and bad—  
 Madame, herself, to footmen prone,  
 And her young pauper, all but mad.

Who could have thought, this very spot

Would, one day, be a sort of shrine,

Where—all its grosser taints forgot

Or guilt by Fancy, till they shine—

Pilgrims would meet, from many a shore,

To trace each mouldering chamber o'er;

Young bards, to dream of virtuous fame,

Young maids, to lisp DE WARRENS' name,

And mellow spinsters—of an age,

Licens'd to read JEAN JAQUES's page—

To picture all the blissful hours

He pass'd in these sequester'd bowers,

With his dear Maman and his flowers!

Spinsters, who—if, from glowing heart

Or erring head, some living maid

Had wander'd ev'n the thousandth part

Of what this worthy Maman stray'd—

Would bridle up their virtuous chins

In horror at her sin of sins,

And—could their chaste eyes kill with flashes—  
Frown the fair culprit into ashes!

'Tis too absurd—'tis weakness, shame,  
This low prostration before Fame—  
This casting down, beneath the car  
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,  
Life's purest, holiest decencies,  
To be career'd o'er, as they please.  
No—let triumphant Genius have  
All that his loftiest wish can crave.  
If he be worshipp'd, let it be  
    For attributes, his noblest, first—  
Not with that base idolatry,  
    Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold—may want that glow  
Of high romance, which bards should know;  
That holy homage, which is felt  
In treading where the great have dwelt—

This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,  
 I fear, I feel, I have it not,  
 For here, at this still hour, to me  
 The charms of this delightful spot—  
 Its calm seclusion from the throng,  
 From all the heart would fain forget—  
 This narrow valley, and the song  
 Of its small murmuring rivulet—  
 The flitting, to and fro, of birds,  
 Tranquil and tame as they were once  
 In Eden, ere the startling words  
 Of Man disturb'd their orisons!—  
 Those little, shadowy paths, that wind  
 Up the hill side, with fruit-trees lin'd,  
 And lighted only by the breaks  
 The gay wind in the foliage makes,  
 Or vistas, here and there, that ope  
 Through weeping willows, like the snatches  
 Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope  
 Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches!—

All this, which—could I once but lose  
     The memory of those vulgar ties,  
 Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues  
     Of Genius can no more disguise,  
 Than the sun's beams can do away  
 The filth of fens o'er which they play—  
 This scene, which would have fill'd my heart  
     With thoughts of all that happiest is—  
 Of Love, where self hath only part,  
     As echoing back another's bliss—  
 Of solitude, secure and sweet,  
 Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet ;  
 Which, while it shelters, never chills  
     Our sympathies with human woe,  
 But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,  
     Purer and fresher in their flow—  
 Of happy days, that share their beams  
     'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ—  
 Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,  
     The moonlight of the morning's joy!—



All this my heart could dwell on here,  
 But for those hateful memories near,  
 Those sordid truths, that cross the track  
 Of each sweet thought, and drive them back  
 Full into all the mire, and strife,  
 And vanities of that man's life,  
 Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd  
     With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,  
 If ever giv'n to mortal) show'd  
     What an impostor Genius is—  
 How, with that strong, mimetic art,  
     Which is its life and soul, it takes  
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,  
     Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes—  
 How like a gem its light may smile  
     O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,  
 Itself as mean a worm, the while,  
     As crawls along the sullyng sod—  
 What sensibility may fall  
     From its false lip, what plans to bless,

While home, friends, kindred, country, all,  
     Lie waste beneath its selfishness—  
 How, with the pencil hardly dry  
     From colouring up such scenes of love  
 And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,  
     And dream, and think through heaven they rove,  
 They, who can thus describe and move,  
     The very workers of these charms,  
 Nor seek, nor ask a heaven, above  
 Some Maman's or Theresa's arms !

How all, in short, that makes the boast  
 Of their false tongues, they want the most ;  
 And, while with Freedom on their lips  
     Sounding her timbrels, to set free  
 This bright world, labouring in th' eclipse  
     Of priestcraft and of slavery,  
 They may, themselves, be slaves as low  
     As ever Lord or Patron made,  
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,  
     Like stunted brushwood, in his shade !

Out on the craft—I'd rather be

One of those hinds, that round me tread,  
With just enough of sense to see

The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,  
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,

That hath no heart for its foundation,  
Be all, at once, that's brightest—worst—  
Sublimest—meanest in creation!

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$$x_1 = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}, x_2 = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}, x_3 = -\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}, x_4 = -\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$$

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

$$f(x) = \frac{1}{2} (1 + \cos x) \quad \text{for } x \in [0, 2\pi], \quad f(x) = 0 \quad \text{for } x \in [2\pi, 4\pi]$$

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## THE SYLPH'S BALL.

---

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported  
Her figure through the fields of air,  
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,  
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch  
A pair so sorted could not show—  
But how refuse?—the Gnome was rich,  
The Rothschild of the world below ;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,  
Learn from their Mammias to consider  
Love as an auctioneer of features,  
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his Mine—

A Palace, pav'd with diamonds all—

And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,

Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,

And all the best—but of the *upper*

The sprinkling was but shy and rare,

A few old Sylphids, who lov'd supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp

Of DAVY, that renown'd Aladdin,

And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd a damp,

Which accidents from fire were bad in ;

The chambers were supplied with light

By many strange but safe devices—

Large fire-flies, such as shine at night

Among the Orient's flowers and spices ;—

Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd  
 By elfin hands—that, flashing round,  
 Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,  
 Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun ;  
 And water from that Indian sea,  
 Whose waves at night like wild-fire run,—  
 Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,  
 Like little light-houses, were set up ;  
 And pretty phosphorescent fishes,  
 That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came  
 That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call—  
 My Lady knew him but by name,  
 My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, appriz'd

That he was coming, and, no doubt,  
Alarm'd about his torch, advis'd

He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapprov'd this plan,

And, by his flame though somewhat frightened,  
Thought Love too much a gentleman,  
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was—and dancing

With the fair Sylph, light as a feather ;  
They look'd like two young sunbeams, glancing,  
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,

But for that plaguy torch—whose light,  
Though not yet kindled, who could tell  
How soon, how devilishly it *might* ?



And so it chanc'd—which, in those dark  
 And fireless halls was quite amazing—  
 Did we not know how small a spark  
 Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came, when close entangled  
 In the gay waltz, from her bright eyes,  
 Or from the *lucciole*, that spangled  
 Her locks of jet—is all surmise.

Certain it is th' ethereal girl  
 Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,  
 Which by the waltz's windy whirl  
 Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,  
 That curtain of protecting wire,  
 Which DAVY delicately draws  
 Around illicit, dangerous fire.—

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,  
 (Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss)  
 Through whose small holes this dangerous pair  
 May see each other, but not kiss \*.

At first the torch look'd rather bluely,—  
 A sign, they say, that no good boded—  
 Then quick the gas became unruly,  
 And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes and fiddlers mix'd together,  
 With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,  
 Like butterflies in stormy weather,  
 Were blown—legs, wings and tails—to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,  
 The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part—

\* ——— Partique dedère

Oscula quisque suæ, non pervenientia contrà. OVID.

Found lying, with a livid scorch,  
As if from lightning, o'er her heart !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Well done ”—a laughing Goblin said—  
Escaping from this gaseous strife—  
“ ’Tis not the *first* time Love has made  
“ A *blow-up* in connubial life ! ”

## REMONSTRANCE.

---

*After a conversation with L—d J—— R——, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.*

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—

Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct to run  
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same  
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,  
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;  
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal  
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
 From the mighty arena, where all that is grand  
 And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
 Is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command.

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair  
 Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,  
 Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare  
 Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou !

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those  
 Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm;  
 Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose  
 To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her  
 storm ;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,  
 'T first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre ;  
 Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,  
 Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire ;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a  
height,

Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;  
But a current, that works out its way into light  
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of  
lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;  
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,  
And the charms of thy cause have not power to per-  
suade,  
Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy  
Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,  
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,  
All the branches, that spring from the old Russell  
tree,  
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her Shrine.

## EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.



HERE lies a Lawyer—one, whose mind  
(Like that of all the Lawyer kind)  
Resembled, though so grave and stately,  
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly,—  
Which for the mousing deeds transacted  
In holes and corners is well fitted,  
But which, in sunshine, grows contracted,  
As if 'twould—*rather* not admit it  
As if, in short, a man would quite  
Throw time away, who tried to let in a  
Decent portion of God's light  
On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.

Hence, when he took to politics,

As a refreshing change of evil,  
Unfit with grand affairs to mix  
His little Nisi-Prius tricks,

Like imps at bo-peep, play'd the devil;  
And prov'd that when a small Law Wit  
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,  
'Tis like a player on the kit,  
Put all at once to a bass viol.

Nay, ev'n when honest (which he could  
Be, now and then) still quibbling daily,  
He serv'd his country, as he would  
A client thief at the Old Bailey.

But—do him justice—short and rare,  
His wish through honest paths to roam,  
Born with a taste for the unfair,  
Where falsehood call'd, he still was there,  
And when least honest most at home.



Thus shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping,  
He work'd his way up near the Throne,  
And, long before he took the keeping  
Of the King's conscience, lost his own.

## MY BIRTH-DAY.



“ MY birth-day”—what a different sound  
That word had in my youthful ears !  
And how, each time the day comes round,  
Less and less white its mark appears !

When first our scanty years are told,  
It seems like pastime to grow old ;  
And, as Youth counts the shining links,  
That Time around him binds so fast,  
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks  
How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,

Who said \*—"were he ordain'd to run

"His long career of life again,

"He would do all that he *had* done."—

Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells

In sober birth-days, speaks to me ;

Far otherwise—of time it tells,

Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—

Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made

Haply for high and pure designs,

But oft, like Israel's incense, laid

Upon unholy, earthly shrines—

Of nursing many a wrong desire—

Of wandering after Love too far,

And taking every meteor fire,

That cross'd my path-way, for his star !

\* *Fontenelle*.—"Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferai tout ce que j'ai fait."

All this it tells, and, could I trace  
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,  
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface  
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,  
How little of the past would stay !  
How quickly all should melt away—  
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,  
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;  
Those friendships, in my boy-hood twin'd,  
And kept till now unchangingly ;  
And that dear home, that saving ark,  
Where Love's true light at last I've found,  
Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
And comfortless, and stormy round !

FANCY.

---

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've  
found,

That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,  
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,

A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.  
Nor is it that her power can call up there

A single charm, that's not from Nature won,  
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear

A single tint unborrow'd from the sun—  
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,

That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;  
As the same light, that o'er the level lake

One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

## LOVE AND HYMEN.

---

LOVE had a fever—ne'er could close  
His little eyes till day was breaking ;  
And whimsical enough, heav'n knows,  
The things he rav'd about, while waking  
To let him pine so were a sin— . . .  
One, to whom all the world's a debtor—  
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,  
And Love that night slept rather better.  
Next day the case gave further hope yet,  
Though still some ugly fever latent ;—  
“Dose, as before”—a gentle opiate,  
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,  
So fast the dose went on restoring,  
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,  
Now took, the rogue ! to downright snoring.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

---

SWEET Sirmio ! thou, the very eye  
Of all peninsulas and isles,  
That in our lakes of silver lie,  
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles,

How gladly back to thee I fly!  
Still doubting, asking—*can* it be  
That I have left Bithynia's sky,  
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh ! what is happier than to find  
Our hearts at ease, our perils past ;  
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind  
Lays down its load of care at last



When, tir'd with toil on land and deep,  
Again we tread the welcome floor  
Of our own home, and sink to sleep  
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone  
The ills of all life's former track—  
Shine out, my beautiful, my own  
Sweet Sirmio—greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs  
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,  
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs  
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

## TO MY MOTHER.

*Written in a Pocket Book, 1822.*

---

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,  
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again to that dear earth,  
From which the life, that fills and warms  
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,  
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be)  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love's true instinct, back to thee !

## ILLUSTRATION OF A BORE.



IF ever you've seen a gay party,  
Reliev'd from the pressure of NED—  
How instantly joyous and hearty  
They've grown, when the damper was fled—  
You may guess what a gay piece of work,  
What delight to Champagne it must be,  
To get rid of its bore of a cork,  
And come sparkling to you, love, and me!

## A SPECULATION.



OF all speculations the market holds forth,  
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,  
Is to buy \* \* \* \* \* up, at the price he is worth,  
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AU-  
STRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

*Carbone notati.*

---

AY—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,  
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly  
veins,

That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,  
Be suck'd out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,  
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—  
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails  
From each slave-mart of Europe, and poison their  
shore !

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men of all lands  
 Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,  
 When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their  
     hands,  
 Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,  
 Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,  
 To think—as the Damn'd haply think of that heav'n  
 They had once in their reach—that they *might*  
     have been free.

Shame, shame—when there was not a bosom, whose  
     heat

Ever rose o'er the *zero* of —————'s heart,  
 That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,  
 And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start—

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit, that  
     breath'd

The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about;

And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,  
But waited one conquering cry, to flash out !

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,  
FILICAJAS and PETRARCHS, seem'd bursting to view,  
And their words, and their warnings—like tongues of  
bright flame

Over Freedom's apostles—fell kindling on you !

Good God, that, in such a proud moment of life,  
Worth the hist'ry of ages—when, had you but hurl'd  
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife  
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through  
the world—

That then—oh ! disgrace upon manhood—ev'n then,  
You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath;  
Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood,  
men,

And prefer the slave's life of damnation to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful—shout, Tyranny, shout  
Through your dungeons and palaces, “Freedom is  
o’er”—

If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,  
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts, that claim to be free,  
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss—  
Far nobler to live the brute bond-man of thee,  
Than to sully ev’n chains by a struggle like this!



## SCEPTICISM.

---

ERE Psyche drank the cup, that shed  
 Immortal Life into her soul,  
 Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,  
 One drop of Doubt into the bowl—

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,  
 To Psyche's lips—she knew not why—  
 Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem  
 As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,  
 A chill came o'er her heart—a fear  
 That Death would, even yet, remove  
 Her spirit from that happy sphere.

“ Those sunny ringlets,” she exclaim’d,  
 Twining them round her snowy fingers—  
 “ That forehead, where a light, unnam’d,  
 “ Unknown on earth, for ever lingers—

“ Those lips, through which I feel the breath  
 “ Of Heav’n itself, whene’er they sever—  
 “ Oh, are they mine, beyond all death,  
 “ My own, hereafter, and for ever ?

“ Smile not—I know that starry brow,  
 “ Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,  
 “ Will always shine, as they do now—  
 “ But shall *I* live to *see* them shine ?”

In vain did Love say “ Turn thine eyes  
 “ On all that sparkles round thee here—  
 “ Thou’rt now in heav’n, where nothing dies,  
 “ And in these arms—what *canst* thou fear ?”

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole  
    Into that cup's immortal treasure,  
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,  
    And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was rapture given  
    Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,  
Hers is the only face in heaven,  
    That wears a cloud amid its joy.

## FROM THE FRENCH.



OF all the men one meets about,  
There's none like JACK—he's every where—  
At church—park—auction—dinner—rout—  
Go where and when you will, he's there.  
Try the West End, he's at your back—  
Meets you, like Eurus, in the East—  
You're call'd upon for "How do, JACK?"  
One hundred times a day at least.  
A friend of his one evening said,  
As home he took his pensive way,  
"Upon my soul, I fear JACK's dead,  
"I've seen him but three times to-day."

## ROMANCE.

I HAVE a story of two lovers, fill'd

With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,  
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd

Two young and longing hearts in that sweet  
madness.

But where to choose the *locale* of my vision

In this wide, vulgar world—what real spot  
Can be found out, sufficiently Elysian

For two such perfect lovers, I know not.

Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,

The young Jew\*, fabled of, in the' Indian Sea,

By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known,

And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,

\* Psalmanazar.

Her fairy kingdom—take its people, lands,  
And tenements into her own bright hands,  
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit  
For Love to live in, pure and exquisite !

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

---

“COME, come,” said Tom’s father, “at your time of  
life,

“There’s no longer excuse for thus playing the  
rake—

“It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife”—

“Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?”

ON ———.

—

LIKE a snuffers, this loving old dame,  
By a destiny, grievous enough,  
Though so oft she has snapp'd at the flame,  
Hath never caught more than the snuff.



## FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.



HERE lies Factotum Ned at last—

Long as he breath'd the vital air,  
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,  
In which he had n't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,  
Whatever statesmen did or said,  
If not exactly brought about,  
Was all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With NAP if Russia went to war,  
'Twas owing, under Providence,  
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—  
(Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—

As all, but Frenchmen, think she was—  
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,  
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then, for his news—no envoy's bag  
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it—  
Scarcely a telegraph could wag  
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,  
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in—  
From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,  
From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,  
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,  
And men ask'd—who advis'd the deed?  
Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,  
 He had not downright *seen* the King,  
 He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,  
 To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,  
 The Drama, Books, MS. and printed—  
 Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,  
 And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,  
 And, here and there, infus'd some soul in 't—  
 Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,  
 Had—odd enough—a dangerous hole in 't.

Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,  
 Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,  
 Whatever was the best pye going,  
 In *that* Ned—trust him—had his finger.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.



ONE night the nymph call'd COUNTRY-DANCE,—  
 Whom folks, of late, have us'd so ill,  
 Preferring a coquette from France,  
 A thing, *Mamselle* QUADRILLE—

Having been chas'd from London down  
 To that last, humblest haunt of all,  
 She us'd to grace—a Country Town—  
 Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

“Here, here, at least,” she cried, “though driv'n  
 “From London's gay and shining tracks—  
 “Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,  
 “I've lost, for ever lost Almack's—

“ Though not a London Miss alive

“ Would now for her acquaintance own me ;

“ And spinsters, ev’n, of forty-five,

“ Upon their honours ne’er have known me.

“ Here, here, at least, I triumph still,

“ And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,

“ Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—

“ See nought but *true-blue* Country-dancers.

“ Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,

“ My throne, like Magna Charta, raise

“ ’Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,

“ That scorn the threaten’d *chaine Anglaise*.”

’Twas thus she said, as, ’mid the din

Of footmen, and the town sedan,

She lighted at the King’s Head Inn,

And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squire's and their Squireesses all,  
 With young Squirinas, just *come out*,  
 And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,  
 (Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt).

Already, as she tripp'd up stairs,  
 She in the cloak-room saw assembling—  
 When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,  
 From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—*can* it be?  
 Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—  
 It is “Di tanti palpiti”  
 As plain as English bow can scrape it.

“Courage!” however—in she goes,  
 With her best, sweeping country grace;  
 When, ah too true, her worst of foes,  
 QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,  
 Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,  
 To sing the rage these nymphs were in,  
 Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood QUADBILLE, with cat-like face  
 (The beau-ideal of French beauty)  
 A band-box thing, all art and lace  
 Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—  
 From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair—  
 Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—  
 Her morals, from—the Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd—so slidingly,  
 So near the ground she plied her art,  
 You'd swear her mother-earth and she  
 Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face the while, too, prim, sedate,  
 No signs of life or motion showing,  
 Like a bright *pendules'* dial-plate—  
 So still, you'd hardly think 'twas *going*.

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance*—  
 A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know  
 For English, at a single glance—  
 English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,  
 And rather giv'n to skips and bounces;  
 Endangering thereby many a gown,  
 And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer  
 (As morally a lesser ill)  
 A thousand flaws of character,  
 To one vile rumple of a frill.



No rouge did she of Albion wear ;  
 Let her but run that two-heat race  
 She calls a *Set*—not Dian e'er  
 Came rosier from the woodland chace.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in 't  
 Such anger now—whose eyes of blue  
 (Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,  
 Which English maids call "*Waterloo*")—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk  
 Of a warm evening, flashing broke,  
 While—to the tune of "*Money Musk* \*,"  
 Which struck up now—she proudly spoke.

" Heard you that strain—that joyous strain ?  
 " 'Twas such as England lov'd to hear,

\* An old English Country-Dance.

“ Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,

“ Corrupted both her foot and ear—

“ Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,

“ Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,

“ To lay his rude, licentious hands

“ On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

“ Ere times and morals both grew bad,

“ And, yet unpawn'd from bankers' dockets,

“ Happy John Bull not only *had*,

“ But danc'd to, ‘ Money in both pockets.’

“ Alas, the change!— oh——

“ Where is the land could 'scape disasters,

“ With *such* a Foreign Secretary,

“ Aided by Foreign Dancing-masters?

“ Woe to ye, men of ships and shops,

“ Rulers of day-books and of waves !

“ Quadrill’d, on one side, into fops,

“ And drill’d, on t’ other, into slaves !

“ Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,

“ Like pigeons, truss’d for exhibition,

“ With elbows, *à la crapaudine*,

“ And feet, in——God knows what position.

“ Hemm’d in by watchful chaperons,

“ Inspectors of your airs and graces,

“ Who intercept all whisper’d tones,

And read your telegraphic faces.

“ Unable with the youth ador’d,

“ In that grim *cordon* of Mammas,

“ To interchange one tender word,

“ Though whisper’d but in *queue-de-chats*.

“ Ah did you know how blest we rang’d,

“ Ere vile Quadrille usurp’d the fiddle—

“ What looks in *setting* were exchange’d,

“ What tender words in *down the middle*!

“ How many a couple, like the wind,

“ Which nothing in its course controuls,

“ Left time and chaperons far behind,

“ And gave a loose to legs and souls.

“ How matrimony throve—ere stopp’d

“ By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—

“ How charmingly one’s partner popp’d

“ Th’important question in *poussette-ing*.

“ While now, alas,—no sly advances—

“ No marriage hints—all goes on badly—

“ ’Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dancers,

“ We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

“ Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)

“ Declares not half so much is made

“ By Licences—and he must know well—  
 “ Since vile Quadrilling spoil’d the trade.”

She ceas’d—tears fell from every Miss—  
 She now had touch’d the true pathetic :—  
 One such authentic fact as this,  
 Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was “ Country Dance !”  
 And the maid saw, with brightening face,  
 The Steward of the night advance,  
 And lead her to her birth-right place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas’d,  
 Now tun’d again their summons sweet,  
 And, for one happy night, at least,  
 Old England’s triumph was complete.

SONG FOR THE POCO-CURANTE  
SOCIETY\*.

---

To those we love we've drank to-night ;  
But now attend, and stare not,  
While I the ampler list recite  
Of those, for whom *we care not*.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,  
If on their fronts they bear not  
That noblest gem that decks a crown,  
The People's Love—*we care not*.

\* This song has been made a present of, by the Society, to Mr. Power, 34, Strand.

For slavish men, who bend beneath  
 A despot yoke, and dare not  
 Pronounce the will, whose very breath  
 Would rends its links—*we care not.*

For priestly men who covet sway  
 And wealth, though they declare not ;  
 Who point, like finger-posts, the way  
 They never go—*we care not.*

For martial men, who on their sword,  
 Howe'er it conquers, wear not  
 The pledges of a soldier's word,  
 Redeem'd and pure—*we care not.*

For legal men, who plead for wrong,  
 And though to lies they swear not,  
 Are not more honest than the throng  
 Of those, who *do*—*we care not.*

For courtly men, who feed upon  
 The land like grubs, and spare not  
 The smallest leaf, where they can sun  
 Their reptile limbs—*we care not.*

For wealthy men, who keep their mines  
 In darkness hid, and share not  
 The paltry ore with him who pines  
 In honest want—*we care not.*

For prudent men, who keep the power  
 Of Love aloof, and bare not  
 Their hearts in any guardless hour  
 To beauty's shaft—*we care not.*

For secret men, who, round the bowl  
 In friendship's circle, tear not  
 The cloudy curtain from their soul,  
 But draw it close—*we care not.*



For all, in short, on land and sea,  
In court and camp, who *are* not,  
Who never *were*, nor e'er will be  
Good men and true—*we care not*.

## GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

---

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur.

SENECA.

OF old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,  
 As Nature meant, supreme, alone ;  
 With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,  
 His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave  
 With its own sceptre, could not last—  
 So Genius' self became the slave  
 Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,  
 Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it ;  
 His nods, his struggles all too late—  
 “ *Qui semel jussit, semper paret.*”

To check young Genius' proud career,  
 The slaves, who now his throne invaded,  
 Made Criticism his Prime Vizir,  
 And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,  
 Afraid of ev'n his own ambition,  
 His very victories were by rule,  
 And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same,  
 That dazzled, when spontaneous actions—  
 Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,  
 And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,  
 Instant, the Vizir's Council sat—  
 “Good Lord, your Highness can't go there—  
 “Bless us, your Highness can't do that.”

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy

Rich jewels for his diadem—

“The taste was bad—the price was high—

“A flower were simpler than a gem.”

To please them if he took to flowers—

“What trifling, what unmeaning things!

“Fit for a woman’s toilette hours,

“But not at all the style for Kings.”

If, fond of his domestic sphere,

He play’d no more the rambling comet—

“A dull, good sort of man, ’twas clear,

“But, as for great, or brave—far from it.”

Did he then look o’er distant oceans,

For realms more worthy to enthrone him?—

“Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!

“Serve a “ne exeat regno” on him.”

At length—their last and worst to do—

They round him plac'd a guard of watchmen,  
 Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue  
 Turn'd up with yellow—chiefly Scotchmen.

To dog his footsteps all about,

Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,  
 Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,  
 For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some Champion of his power,

Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,  
 As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,  
 The thunders of his Royalty!—

To vindicate his ancient line,

The first, the true, the only one  
 Of Right eternal and divine  
 That rules beneath the blessed sun—

To crush the rebels, that would cloud

His triumphs with restraint or blame,

And, honouring ev'n his faults, aloud

Re-echo *Vive le Roi, quand même—!*

## NOTES.

---

Note 1.—Page 88, lines 7, 8.

*Thy perfidy, ev'n worse than aught  
Thy own unblushing SARPI taught.*

THE spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are written, may be sufficiently judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says:—"Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerrir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus:—"Tendre à dépouiller les villes de leurs

privilèges, faire que les habitans s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit: *enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de recourir à la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office de bourreau, cela est moins odieux et beaucoup plus profitable.*"

Note 2.—Page 89, line 18.

*By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, &c.*

M. Daru has given an abstract of these Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a system of treachery and cruelty should ever have been established by any government, or submitted to, for an instant, by any people. Among various precautions against the intrigues of their own Nobles, we find the following:—"Pour persuader



aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangereux d'entretenir quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à poignarder quiconque essaierait de tenter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne prêtassent foi difficilement à une délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé au-dessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, reçut la mission d'assassiner ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce banni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre."—

"Remarquons," adds M. Daru, "que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, écrite d'avance; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts."

The cases, in which assassination is ordered by these Statutes, are as follow :—

“ Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle parmi les marins le menstrance, passait-il au service d'une puissance étrangère : il fallait le faire assassiner, surtout si c'était un homme réputé brave et habile dans sa profession.”—(*Art 3, des Statuts.*)

“ Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on devait le faire empoisonner.”—(*Art. 14.*)

“ Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y exportant quelque procédé de l'industrie nationale : c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat.”—(*Art. 26.*)

The facility with which they got rid of their Duke of Bedfords, Lord Fitzwilliams, etc. was admirable ; it was thus :—

“ Le patricien qui se permettait le moindre propos contre le gouvernement, était admonété deux fois, et à la troisième *noyé comme incorrigible.*”—(*Art. 39.*)

Note 3.—Page 109, line 1.

*Reflections on reading, &c.*

The “Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi,” by the Jesuit de Cerceau, is chiefly taken from the much more authentic work of Fortifiocca on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a laundress.

Note 4.—Page 111, line 7.

*Their gilded gonfalons.*

“Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé *le bon diseur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d’or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d’une main le globe du monde, et de l’autre *une Palme* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C’était le Gonfalon de *la Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite *une Epée* nue et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par

Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté la justice et la paix."—*Du Cerceau, liv. 2.*

Note 5.—Page 114, line 10.

*That Ghost of Her,  
The world's Imperial Mistress.*

This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect:—"For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"

THE END.



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# O D E S

UPON

CASH, CORN, CATHOLICS,

AND

OTHER MATTERS.

SELECTED FROM THE COLUMNS OF THE TIMES JOURNAL.

*By*

“None but little minds dread little books.”

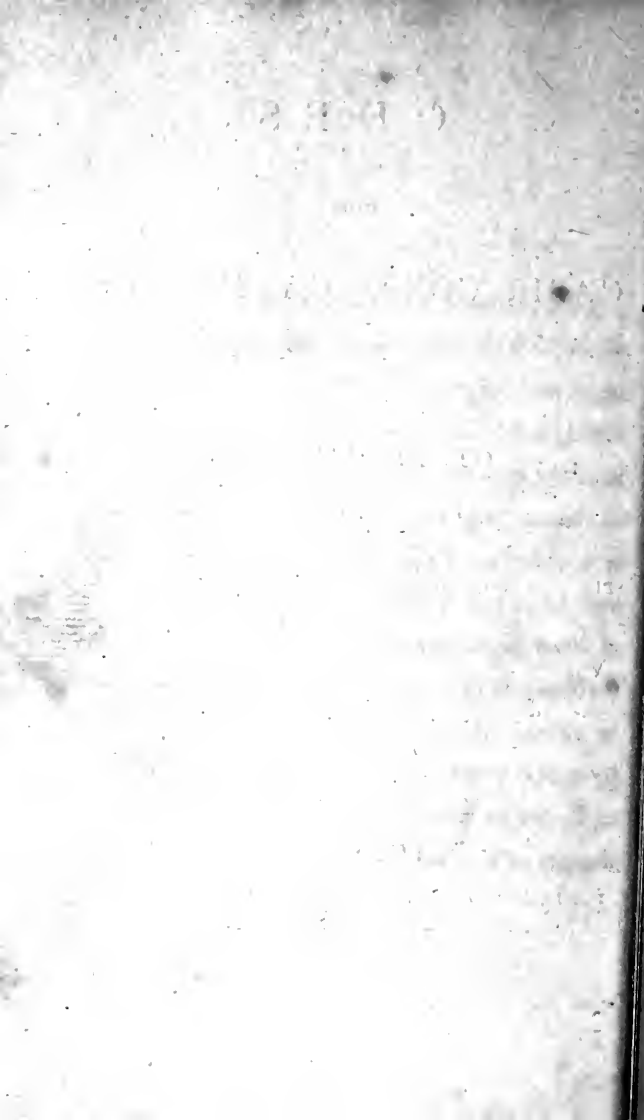
*Figaro.*

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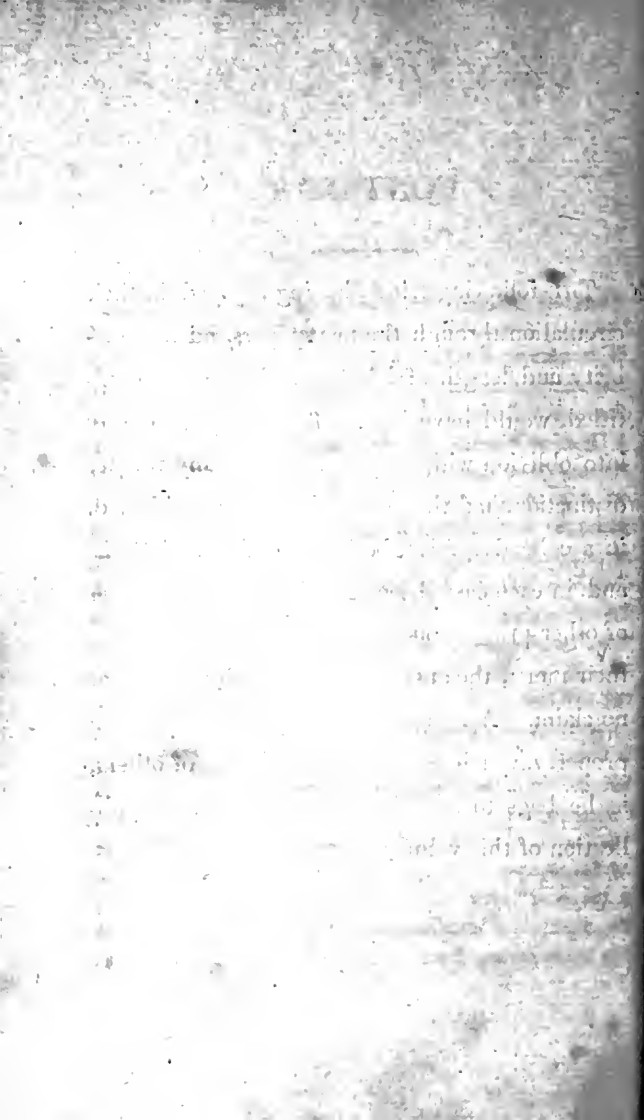
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1828.





THE following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other productions, to which, whatever may be their merit, the author of the following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume.



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AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN  
BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten ? those amorous pranks

You and I, in our youth, my dear Government,  
play'd;

When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,  
And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,

To do all that a dashing young couple should do,  
A law against *paying* was laid upon me,

But none against *owing*, dear help-mate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd?—that “ hour (as Othello  
 So happily calls it,) of Love and *Direction*\*?”  
 And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,  
 Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

### GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be;  
 This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing†:  
 We 've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee  
 There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason,—a small child or two,—  
 Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to;  
 The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few,—  
 But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no end to!

\* ————“ An hour

Of love, of worldly matter and direction.”

† It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie:

———— finem, *specie* cæleste *resumptâ*,

Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi.

MET. l. 15, v. 743.

So,—hard as it is on a pair, who 've already  
 Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence ;  
 And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy \*,  
 So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense,—

The day is at hand, my Papyria† Venus,  
 When,—high as we once used to carry our capers,—  
 Those soft *billet-doux* we 're now passing between us,  
 Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers :

And when,—if we *still* must continue our love,  
 After all that is past,—our amour, it is clear,  
 Like that which Miss Danæe managed with Jove,  
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

*February, 1826.*

\* Honourable Frederick R—b—ns—n.

† To distinguish her from the “ Aurea ” or *Golden Venus*.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

“ O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres  
Agnæ lupos, capreæque leones.” HOR.

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,  
In the pocket of my coat,  
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,  
“ How happens it, I prithee,  
“ That, though I ’m wedded with thee,  
“ Fair Pound, we can never live together ?

“ Like your sex, fond of *change*,  
“ With Silver you can range,  
“ And of lots of young sixpences be mother ;  
“ While with *me*—upon my word,  
“ Not my Lady and my Lord  
“ Of W—st—th see so little of each other !”



The indignant Note replied,  
 (Lying crumpled by his side)

“ Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir—

“ One cannot look askance,

“ But, whip! you’re off to France,

“ Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

“ Your scampering began

“ From the moment Parson Van,

“ Poor man, made us *one* in Love’s fetter;

“ ‘ For better or for worse ’

“ Is the usual marriage curse,

“ But ours is all ‘ worse ’ and no ‘ better.’

“ In vain are laws pass’d,

“ There’s nothing holds you fast,

“ Tho’ you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—

“ At the smallest hint in life,

“ You forsake your lawful wife,

“ As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

- “ I flirt with Silver, true—  
“ But what can ladies do,  
“ When disown’d by their natural protectors?  
“ And as to falsehood, stuff!  
“ I shall soon be *false* enough,  
“ When I get among those wicked Bank Directors.”

The Sovereign, smiling on her,  
Now swore, upon his honour,  
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;  
But, within an hour or two,  
Why—I sold him to a Jew,  
And he’s now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

## AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

“Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?”—VIRGIL.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their  
corn\*,

When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,  
'T is hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,  
On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in?  
A question—like asking one, “How is your wife?”—  
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

\* See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, when Lord King was severely reprov'd by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast,  
 But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,  
 (Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceased),  
 Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you  
 know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bored and distressed  
 Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,  
 When the force of the agony wrung ev'n a jest  
 From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L—d—le\*!

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave  
 A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,  
 That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,  
 You may always conclude that Lord L—d—le's  
 joking!

\* This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoe-makers, he thought it must be against the 'corns' which they inflicted on the fair sex."

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth—

Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms  
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,  
'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've  
but looms!

To talk *now* of starving!—as great Ath—l said—\*

(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all  
wonder'd)

When, some years ago, he and others had fed  
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!

It follows from hence—and the Duke's very words  
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this  
craft are—

That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,  
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

\* The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians  
 Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each row;  
 But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,  
 "No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,  
 As I shall my poetry—*neither* convinces;  
 And all we have spoken and written but shows,  
 When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*\*, how he  
 winces.

\* An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

## THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

“Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund—these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?”—*The Times of Feb. 1.*

TAKE your bell, take your bell,  
 Good Crier, and tell  
 To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,  
 That, lost or stolen,  
 Or fall'n through a hole in  
 The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?

It has Pitt's name on't,  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what  
 Would soon be its lot,  
 When Frederick and Jenky sat, hob-nobbing\*,  
 And said to each other,  
 "Suppose, dear brother,  
 "We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas !  
 To a very pretty pass,—  
 Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,  
 With but Five in the till,  
 To discharge the bill,  
 And even that Five, too, whipp'd away !

\* In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.



Stop thief! stop thief!—

From the Sub to the Chief,

These *Gemmen* of Finance are plundering cattle—

Call the watch—call Brougham,

Tell Joseph Hume,

That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring

This aforesaid thing

To the well-known House of Bobinson and Jenkin,

Shall be paid, with thanks,

In the notes of banks,

Whose Funds, too, have learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!

Can any body guess

What the dev'l has become of this Treasury wonder?

It has Pitt's name on 't,

All brass, in the front,

And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

## ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR T—M—S L—TH—E.

“*Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque.*”—VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,  
 (Among other odd whims of those comical bodies)  
 Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show  
 Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's  
 Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,  
 An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,  
 Great Queen of Mark-lane, (if the thing doesn't bore  
 thee)  
 Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—*never*-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn  
 Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so  
 boasted;

Improving on Hunt, 't is no longer the Corn,

'T is now the Corn-growers, alas, that are *roasted!*

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us—

Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,

That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,

And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own  
making,—

Who thinks just as little of settling a nation

As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking

(What he, himself, calls) his “post-prandial  
vibration\*.”

There are two Mr. M——ls, too, whom those that  
like reading

Through all that's unreadable, call very clever;—

\* The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

And, whereas M——ll Senior makes war on *good*  
breeding,

M——ll Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided  
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages;—  
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided,  
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.

For therein I've proved, to my own satisfaction,  
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,  
That 't is the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction  
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, ~~such~~ the "*chaste notions*\*" of food  
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,  
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,  
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than  
thou art!

\* A phrase in one of Sir T——s's late speeches.

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,

When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,

(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play\*),

Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,

Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too,—  
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn

To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,

Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,  
That last, honest Uni-Corn† would be—SirTh—s!

\* “ Road to Ruin.”

† This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing “chaste.”

## A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

“*Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.*”

AND now—cross-buns and pancakes o’er—  
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!

Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!  
The short eclipse of April-Day  
Having (God grant it!) pass’d away,  
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Nos, through thick and thin,  
With Paddy H—mes for whipper-in,

Whate’er the job, prepared to back it;—  
Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers  
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,  
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket\*!

\* An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of:—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be “*bene vestiti.*”

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—  
Ye Senators of many Shares,

Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;  
So fond of aught like *Company*,  
That you would even have taken *tea*  
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry\*.

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;  
Come, wise Sir Thomas,—wisest then,  
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;  
Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,  
And show how wholly into *bread*  
A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,  
That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,  
As never scratch was curl'd before—

\* The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint-Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing "*Te solo adoro.*"

Cheap eating does more harm than good,  
 And working-people, spoil'd by food,  
     The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence  
 (Which thou 'dst have made for Peter's Pence)  
     Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;  
 Two pipes of port (*old* port, 't was said  
 By honest *Newport*) bought and paid  
     By Papists for the Orange Altar\*!

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry,  
 For peopling Canada from Kerry—  
     Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,  
 As grafting on the dull Canadians  
 That liveliest of earth's contagions,  
     The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

\* This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish protestants.

“The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
     Doth ask a drink divine.”



Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men

Of wit and wisdom, come again;

Though short your absence, all deplore it—

Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,

That you can, *after* April-Day,

Be just as——sapient as *before* it.

## MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13.

THE Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing,  
 For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were  
 in it;—

Great comfort to find, though the Speech is n't *cheering*,  
 That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity!—mercy upon us,  
 “ ‘This boy ’ll be the death of me’—oft as, already,  
 Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,  
 For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,  
 Lest--calling to life the old Peachums and Lockitts--

The large stock of gold we're to have in three  
 years,  
 Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets\*!!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WEDNESDAY.

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art  
 To the seven-o'clock joys of full many a table,—  
 When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that  
 part,  
 With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that—as churchwardens,  
 yearly,  
 Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,

\* “Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies.”—*Debate in the Lords.*

The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly

A mod'rate-sized bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their  
dinner\*!

*Nota bene*—a rumour to-day, in the City,

“ Mr. R—b—ns—n just has resign'd ”—what a  
pity!

The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,  
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*;  
While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,  
A murmuring *Stock-dove* breathed her ditty:—

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long

And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;  
But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold-finch's* song  
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.

Who'll make his shroud?

\* Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

“ I,” said the Bank, “ though he play’d me a prank,

“ While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll’d in’t.

“ With many a pound I’ll paper him round,

“ Like a plump rouleau—*without* the gold in’t.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY,

## A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(Sung in the character of Britannia.)

“The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account.”—*Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

---

Tune—*My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

---

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,  
 So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;  
 I've torn up my old money-bags,  
 Having little or nought to put in 'em.  
 My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,  
 But this is all nothing, they say;  
 For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,—  
 So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,  
 As sages the matter explain ;—  
 Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy  
 Just owes it to Bob back again.  
 Since all have thus taken to *owing*,  
 There's nobody left that can *pay*;  
 And this is the way to keep going,  
 All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,  
 To put in Prosperity's budget ;  
 And though it were billions or trillions,  
 The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.  
 'Tis all but a family *hop*,  
 'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay ;  
 Hands round !—why the deuce should we stop ?  
 'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
 As any great man of the State does ;

And now the poor devils are put on  
 Small rations of tea and potatoes.  
 But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,  
 The King is your father, they say;  
 So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,  
 'T is all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
 My poor ones have nothing to chew;  
 And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,  
 Their stomachs undoubtedly do.  
 But coolly to fast *en famille*,  
 Is as good for the soul as to pray;  
 And famine itself is genteel,  
 When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
 A secret for next Budget day;  
 Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
 As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.



When next for the Treasury scene he

Announces "the Devil to pay,"

Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,

" 'Tis all in the family way."

## BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

“ I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other.*”—*Extract from Mr. W. J. Bankes's Letter to Mr. Goulburn.*

B—NKES is weak, and G—lb—rn too,

No one e'er the fact denied ;—

Which is “*weakest*” of the two,

Cambridge can alone decide.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—rn of the Pope afraid is,

B—nkes, as much afraid as he ;

Never yet did two old ladies

On this point so well agree.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,

Each the same conclusion reaches ;

B—nkes is foolish in Reviews,

G—lb—rn, foolish in his speeches.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,

When his own affairs have gone ill ;

B—nkes he damneth Buckingham,

G—lb—rn damneth Dan O'Connell.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh

Fix'd th' election to a throne ;

So, whichever first shall *bray*,

Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.

Choose him, choose him by his bray,

Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

*June, 1826.*

## MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.—Yours, &c.

## LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up!—just as Eld—n's withdrawing,

To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,  
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the Peer ;—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
Of our Ancestors, such as we find it on shelves,

But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home,—  
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way ;  
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him  
come,  
And our Tories will hail him with “Hear!” and  
“Hurra!”

What a God-send to *them*!—a good, obsolete man,  
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader ;—  
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,  
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds shall choose  
him for leader.

Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their Chosen ;  
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,  
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,  
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation

Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he  
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,

And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

## COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO,  
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MA-  
JESTY.

St. James's-street, July 1.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch  
An official young Demon, preparing to go,  
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch  
From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's, to *our* Hell,  
below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,  
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,  
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"  
My next special care was to help the Elections.



Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,  
 When ev'ry good Christian tormented his brother,  
 And caused, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,  
 From coming down, all ready grill'd by each other ;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part  
 With the Old Penal Code—that *chef-d'œuvre* of Law,  
 In which (though to own it too modest thou art)  
 We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw ;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,  
 (Though Eld-n, with help from your Highness,  
     would try)

'T would still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,  
 Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry ;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,  
 So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,  
 That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,  
 To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for th' original notes

Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,  
With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats  
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire\*,"

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command  
"Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,  
"What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our band,  
"That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your  
Highness,

I'm forced to confess—be the cause what it will,  
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness,—  
Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,  
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;

\* *Con fuoco*—a music-book direction.

And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee

At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer,—

Though one or two capital roarers we've had ;

Doctor Wise\* is, for instance, a charming performer,

And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad !

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty ;—

Even Eld-n allows we got on but so so ;

And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,

We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—

Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time to be civil ;—

The next opportunity shan't be let slip,

But, till then,

I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL.

*July, 1826.*

\* This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

## THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND  
MR. IRVING "ON PROPHECY."

A MILLENNIUM at hand!—I'm delighted to hear it—  
As matters, both public and private, now go,  
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,  
A good, rich Millennium will come *à propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,  
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,  
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,  
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn \* shall abound,—  
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves

\* "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny."—*Rev. c. 6*.

We may swear the best things of this world will be  
 found,  
 As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-  
 selves !

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian \*,  
 Divine Squintifobus, who, placed within reach  
 Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
 Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each ;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou hast given,  
 that we  
 May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
 Which so long has been promised by prophets like  
 thee,  
 And so often postponed, we began to despair.

\* See the Oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels hovering round "each happy fair."

There was Whiston \*, who learnedly took Prince  
Eugene

For the man who must bring the Millennium about ;  
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been  
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out ;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,  
Who discoursed on the subject with signal *éclât*,  
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh †!

There was also—but why should I burden my lay  
With your Brotheresses, Southcotes, and names less  
deserving,

\* When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied, that “he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John.”

† Mr. Dobbs was a Member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person : he chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation.

When all past Millenniums henceforth must give way  
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv-ng.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—  
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy  
sconce,

Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself  
Art the Beast (Chapter 4) that sees nine ways at  
once.

## THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,  
 There are three that all Doctors out-top,  
 Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,  
 Doctor S——y, and dear Doctor Slop.

The purger—the proser—the bard—  
 All quacks in a different style ;  
 Doctor S——y writes books by the yard,  
 Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile !

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone  
 By his scribbling or physicking brother,



Can dose us with stuff like the one,

Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps

With "No Popery" scribes on the walls ;

Doctor S——y as gloriously sleeps

With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,

Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,

That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,

He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,

Doctor S——y attacks, like a 'Turk \* ;

\* This Seraphic Doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics :—"They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,  
 Attacks but his maid-of-all-work \*.

Doctor S——y, for *his* grand attack,  
 Both a laureate and senator is ;  
 While poor Doctor Eady, alack,  
 Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his !

And truly, the law does so blunder,  
 That, though little blood has been spilt, he  
 May probably suffer as, under  
 The *Chalking* Act, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime  
 (With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)  
 Of the three greatest lights of our time,  
 Doctors Eady and S——y and Slop !

\* See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his "maid-of-all-work."

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three  
 Great Doctors the pref'rence should fall,  
 As a matter of course, I agree  
 Doctor Eady must go to *the wall*.

But as S——y with laurels is crown'd,  
 And Slop with a wig and a tail is,  
 Let Eady's bright temples be bound  
 With a swingeing "*Corona Muralis* \*!"

\* A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*, such as scaling them, battering them, &c.—No doubt, writing upon them, to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.

## EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,  
 Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,  
 For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd  
 A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,  
 Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,  
 Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,  
 And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,  
 He took, of course, to peers' relations;  
 And, rather than not sport a Lord,  
 Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could he but tag 'em  
 With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call;

And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum  
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,  
For, rest his soul ! he'd rather be  
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,  
Than saved in vulgar company.

## ODE TO A HAT.

“ ——— altum

“ Ædificat caput.”—JUVENAL.

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime ’mid all  
 The minor felts that round thee grovel;—  
 Thou, that the Gods “a Delta” call,  
 While meaner mortals call thee “shovel.”

When on thy shape (like pyramid,  
 Cut horizontally in two) \*  
 I raptured gaze, what dreams, unbid,  
 Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

\* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church:—“A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid.”—*Grant’s History of the English Church.*

That brim of brims, so sleekly good,—

Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyan's, down,  
But looking (as all churchmen's should),

Devoutly upward—tow'rds the *crown*.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,

So redolent of church all over,  
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,  
Some, pig-tail'd—some, like cherubim,

With ducklings' wings—around it hover!  
Tenths of all dead and living things,  
That Nature into being brings,  
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,  
The very cock most orthodox,  
To *which*, of all the well-fed throng  
Of Zion\*, joy'st thou to belong?

\* Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."

Thou 'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lees's—no—

For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em ;  
And hats, on heads like his, would grow

Particularly *harum-scarum*.

Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate  
Of that famed Doctor Ad—mth—te,

(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand  
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)

Who changed so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,

And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,  
And back again, convenient fellow,

If 't were his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,

Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n ;  
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,

That venerable priest doth go in,—  
And, then and there, amid the stare  
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,



And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,  
Th' example of his reverend brothers,  
To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,  
And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)  
Thus low I take off mine to thee,  
The homage of a layman's *castor*,  
To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.  
Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceed'st,  
Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter  
Till, bowing all the way, thou lead'st  
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

## NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

DEAR COZ, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,  
 When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,  
 But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends  
 As you chance to pick up from political friends,—  
 Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down  
 To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't  
 look better—

His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)  
 Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter  
 To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master ;  
 Engaging to change the old name, if he can,  
 From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St.  
 Dan;—

Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)  
Being made the Colossus, 't is all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar,—  
Most gen'rous and kind, as all sovereigns are,  
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)  
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes\*—  
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,

The late Emperor's night-caps, and thinks of  
bestowing

One night-cap a-piece (if he has them to spare)

On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.  
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—the 'Brothers'—  
Having night-caps on board for Lord Eld-n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 't is thought,  
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught

\* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor.

In N. Lat. 21)—and his Highness Burmese,  
 Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,  
 And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant  
 To pawn his august Golden Foot\* for the payment.  
 (How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,  
 Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)  
 The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"  
 A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;  
 The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.  
 With three other great pawnbrokers; each takes a toe,  
 And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg-bail*,  
 As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present,—what vile pens and paper!  
 Yours truly, dear Cousin,—best love to Miss Draper.

*September, 1826.*

\* This Potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

## A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

“ UP !” said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
One hasty orison, whirl’d me away  
To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—  
Above or below, in earth or air;  
For it glimmered o’er with a *doubtful* light,  
One couldn’t say whether ’twas day or night;  
And ’twas crost by many a mazy track,  
One didn’t know how to get on or back;  
And I felt like a needle that’s going astray  
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay;  
When the Spirit he grinn’d, and whisper’d me,  
“ Thou ’rt now in the Court of Chancery !”

Around me fitted unnumber'd swarms  
 Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;  
 (Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room  
 Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—  
 All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing ;  
 Some were lame—some wanted *hearing* ;  
 Some had through half a century run,  
 Though they had n't a leg to stand upon.  
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,  
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning ;  
 Or balanced aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,  
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.—  
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please 'em ;—  
 Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em ;—  
 All were in motion, yet never a one,  
 Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.  
 “ These,” said the Spirit, “ you plainly see,  
 “ Are what they call suits in Chancery !”

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
 Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung ;

Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")  
 At an amateur concert scream'd in score ;—  
 So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell !  
 It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
 Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see ;  
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,  
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
 " Give us our legs !—give us our legs !"

Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
 I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
 "'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery !"

I look'd; and I saw a wizard rise,  
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.  
 In his aged hand he held a wand,  
 Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,

And they moved and moved, as he waved it  
o'er,

But they never got on one inch the more.

And still they kept limping to and fro,

Like Ariels round old Prospero—

Saying, “Dear Master, let us go,”

But still old Prospero answer'd “No.”

And I heard, the while, that wizard elf

Muttering, muttering spells to himself,

While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,

As Hume e'er moved for, or Omar burn'd.

He talk'd of his virtue—“though some, less nice,

(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice*”—

And he said, “I think”—“I doubt”—“I hope,”

Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;

With many more sleights of tongue and hand

I could n't, for the soul of me, understand.

Amazed and posed, I was just about

To ask his name, when the screams without,



The merciless clack of the imps within,  
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,  
That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—  
Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,  
And bless'd my stars, right pleased to see,  
That I was n't, as yet, in Chancery.

## THE PETITION OF THE ORANGE- MEN OF IRELAND.

To the People of England, the humble Petition  
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—  
That sad, very sad, is our present condition ;—  
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going ;—

That, forming one seventh—within a few fractions—  
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts ;—

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,  
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true ;  
As all human laws (and our own, more than any)  
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few ;—

That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,  
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,

In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,  
 And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years  
 since ;—

That we love to behold, while old England grows faint,  
 Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,  
 To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,  
 Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose ;

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Devil's  
 paw—

Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—\*

And many such points, from which Southey can draw  
 Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 't is very well known this devout Irish nation  
 Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,

\* To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
 One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con* \* ;

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right  
 Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,  
 And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,  
 Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for  
*Trans* ;—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,  
 For keeping us still in the same state of mind ;  
 Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,  
 When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind ;—

When the words *ex* and *per* † did as well, to annoy  
 One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans*  
 now ;

\* Consubstantiation—the true Reformed belief ; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

† When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between “*ex*” and “*per*” was going on), he found

And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,  
 Cut the throats of all Christians, who stickled for  
*ou* \*.

That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
 So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,  
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
 And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,  
 Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—  
 'T is, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know  
 That to Orangemen's pockets 't will all find its way.  
 For which your petitioners ever will pray,  
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

the Turks, we are told, “laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles.”

\* The Arian controversy.—Before that time, says Hooker, “in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used.”

## COTTON AND CORN.

## A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,  
 As they met and exchanged a salute—  
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,  
 Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot) :

“ Great Squire, if it is n't uncivil  
 “ To hint at starvation before you,  
 “ Look down on a poor hungry devil,  
 “ And give him some bread, I implore you !”

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,  
 Perceiving he meant to make *free*,—  
 “ Low fellow, you 've surely forgotten  
 “ The distance between you and me!

“ To expect that we, Peers of high birth,  
 “ Should waste our illustrious acres,  
 “ For no other purpose on earth  
 “ Than to fatten curst calico-makers!—

“ That Bishops to bobbins should bend—  
 “ Should stoop from their Bench’s sublimity,  
 “ Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend  
 “ Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

“ No—vile Manufacture! ne’er harbour  
 “ A hope to be fed at our boards;—  
 “ Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,  
 “ What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

“ No—thanks to the taxes and debt,  
 “ And the triumph of paper o’er guineas,  
 “ Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,  
 “ May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys*!”

So saying,—whip, crack, and away

Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,  
So headlong, I heard them all say,

“ Squire Corn would be *down*, before long.”



## THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT B—TT—RW—RTH.

“ A Christian of the best edition.”—RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him !—yea, verily, we 'll canonize him ;  
 Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,  
 Though sages may pity and wits may despise him,  
 He 'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread  
 The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,  
 Descend on our B-tt-rw-rth's biblical head,  
 Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.!

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,  
 And bring little Shiloh—if 't is n't too far—  
 Such a sight will to B-tt-rw-rth's bosom be dear,  
 His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold

A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many ;  
Thou 'lt find still among us one Personage old,

Who also by tricks and the *Seals*\* makes a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee † !

Thy smiles to beatified B-tt-rw-rth deign ;

Two " lights of the Gentiles " are thou, Anne, and he,

One hallowing Fleet-street, and t'other Toad-lane ‡ !

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of wood,

And Saints, too, are framed of as handy materials ;—

Old women and B-tt-rw-rths make just as good

As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

\* A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the *Seals* of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

† Mrs. Anne Lee, the " chosen vessel " of the Shakers, and " Mother of all the children of regeneration."

‡ Toad-lane in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In her " Address to Young Believers," she says that " it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad-lane, Manchester."

Stand forth, Man of Bibles!—not Mahomet's pigeon,  
 When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there,  
     they say,  
 Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion  
 Such glory as B-tt-rw-rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams  
 Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again,  
 Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then damns  
 Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast  
     them back again.

How well might his shop—as a type representing  
 The creed of himself and his sanctified clan—  
 On its counter exhibit “the Art of Tormenting,”  
 Bound neatly, and letter'd “Whole Duty of  
     Man!”

Canonize him!—by Judas, we *will* canonize him;  
 For Cant is his hobby and twaddling his bliss;

And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise  
him,

He 'll make but the better *shop*-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,  
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;  
Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and Ranters,  
To witness their B-tt-rw-rth's Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventured his merits to paint,  
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;  
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,  
That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,  
While B-tt-rw-rth's spirit, sublimed from your eyes,  
Like a kite made of fool's-cap, in glory shall soar,  
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

## AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

---

Air.—*Come with me, and we will go  
Where the rocks of coral grow.*

---

COME with me, and we will blow  
Lots of bubbles, as we go;  
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope  
Drew from fancy—or from soap;  
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
From its frothy element!  
Come with me, and we will blow  
Lots of bubbles, as we go.

Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,  
 Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks\*;  
 Mix the lather—who can be  
 Fitter for such task than thee,  
 Great M. P. for *Sudsbury*!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
 Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—  
 Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
 Once so dearly loved, that she  
 Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
 Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter;—  
 Puff the bubbles high in air,  
 Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!  
 Now the rainbow humbugs† soar,

\* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

“Sir Edward Sutton,

The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton.”

† An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a

Glittering all with golden hues,  
 Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—  
 Some, reflecting mines that lie  
 Under Chili's glowing sky,  
 Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
 Cloister'd in the southern deep;  
 Others, as if lent a ray  
 From the streaming Milky Way,  
 Glistening o'er with curds and whey  
 From the cows of Alderney.

Now 's the moment—who shall first  
 Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?  
 Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,  
 B—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—lm—t—n;—  
 John W—lks junior runs beside ye!  
 Take the good the knaves provide ye\*!

poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him—"thou rainbow ruffian!"

\* "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:

Take the good the Gods provide thee."

See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,  
 Where the *Shareman*\*, Br—gd—n, stands,  
 Gaping for the froth to fall.  
 Down his gullet—*lye* and all.  
 See!——

But, hark, my time is out—  
 Now, like some great water-spout,  
 Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
 Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[*Here the stage darkens,—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters—all in the suds.*]

\* So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word “Chairman.”



## A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

'T WAS evening time, in the twilight sweet  
 I sail'd along, when—whom should I meet  
 But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea  
 “On the service of his Majesty\*.”

When I spied him first through twilight dim,  
 I did n't know what to make of him ;  
 But said to myself, as slow he plied  
 His fins, and roll'd from side to side  
 Conceitedly o'er the watery path—  
 “'T is my Lord of St-w-ll taking a bath,

\* We are told that the passport of the late grand diplomatic Turtle described him as “on his Majesty's service.”

—— dapibus supremi

Grata testudo Jovis.

“ And I hear him now, among the fishes,  
 “ Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius !”

But, no—’t was, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
 And plump as ever these eyes descried ;  
 A Turtle, juicy as ever yet  
 Glued up the lips of a Baronet !  
 And much did it grieve my soul to see  
 That an animal of such dignity,  
 Like an absentee abroad should roam,  
 When he *ought* to stay and be ate at home.

But now “ a change came o’er my dream,”  
 Like the magic lantern’s shifting slider ;—  
 I look’d, and saw, by the evening beam,  
 On the back of that Turtle sat a rider,—  
 A goodly man, with an eye so merry,  
 I knew ’t was our Foreign Secretary,  
 Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,  
 Like Waterton on his crocodile ;

Cracking such jokes, at every motion,  
 As made the Turtle squeak with glee,  
 And own they gave him a lively notion  
 Of what his *forced*-meat balls would be.

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,  
 Over that briny element,  
 Waving his hand, as he took farewell,  
 With graceful air, and bidding me tell  
 Inquiring friends, that the Turtle and he  
 Were gone on a foreign embassy—  
 To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,  
 Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,  
 And to let admiring Europe see,  
 That *calipash* and *calipee*  
 Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

# THE DONKY AND HIS PANNIERS.

## A FABLE.

---

“fessus jam sudat asellus,  
 “Parce illi; vestrum delictum est asinus.”—*Virgil. Copa.*

---

A DONKY, whose talent for burdens was wond'rous,  
 So much, that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,  
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,  
 That—down the poor Donky fell smack on the  
 road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—

What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,  
 So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,  
 For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a  
"brother"\*)

Had just been proclaiming his Donky's renown  
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—

When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donky came down !

But, how to upraise him?—*one* shouts, *t'other* whistles,

While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,

Declared that an "over-production of thistles—†

(Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—

"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease ;

"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,

"And this is his mode of '*transition to peace*.'"

\* Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother !"

† A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?"—"Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,  
 Pronounced that too long without shoes he had  
 gone—

“ Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*,  
 (The wise-acres said), “ and he’s sure to jog on.”

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,  
 Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,  
 And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear  
 To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far  
 As to see others’ folly, roar’d out, as he pass’d—  
 “ Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,  
 “ Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his  
 last !”

October, 1826.

## ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy State compositions !

And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,

In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians

Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster—

A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts ;

Who talks, with a lisp, of “the last new *Westminster*,”

And hopes you're delighted with “Mill upon

Gluts ;”

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,

How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility ;—

And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,

In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number perusing—

ART. 1—“On the *Needle's* variations,” by Pl—e ;

ART. 2—By her fav'rite Fun-blank\*—"so amusing!"

"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a *Law* case."

ART. 3—"Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own;—

(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers);—

ART. 4—"Upon Honesty," author unknown;—

ART. 5—(by the young Mr. M—) "Hints to Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—

Though drowning's too good for each blue-stockings hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head

From the watery bottom, her clack to renew,—

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,

I would hang round her neck her own darling

Review.

\* This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and has found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2235—and some *fractions*.



## CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum

Dirius *borum*?—INCERTI AUCTORIS.

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,  
 That with our meals, our slumbers mix—  
 That spoil our tempers and digestions—  
 Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?  
 Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—  
 Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,  
 But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—  
 While Ministers, still worse than either,

Skill'd but in feathering their nests,  
 Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet  
 Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,  
 Whether, this year, 't was bonded Wheat,  
 Or bonded Papists, they let out.

*Here*, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,  
 Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;  
*Prices* and *Texts* at once assail you—  
 From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob\*.

And when you sleep, with head still torn  
 Between the two, their shapes you mix,  
 Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn,—  
 Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantsic wheat before you floats—  
 Now, Jesuits from California—

\* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.

Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,  
Comes dancing through the "*Porta Cornea*."

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,  
And a whole crop of heads appears,  
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State—  
Themselves, together *by the ears* !

In short, these torments never cease ;  
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off  
To some far, lonely land of peace,  
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole ;  
For—if my fate is to be chosen  
'Twixt bores and ice-bergs—on my soul,  
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen !

\* The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, &c.) to pass.

## A CASE OF LIBEL.

“The greater the truth, the worse the libel.”

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,  
 ('T were a libel, perhaps, to mention where)  
 Came up *incog.*, some years ago,  
 To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,  
 And hid his tail and horns so handy,  
 You 'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,  
 From C—e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t' unscrew ;  
 So, he has but to take them out of the socket,  
 And—just as some fine husbands do—  
 Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,  
 And ev'n contrived—to his own great wonder—  
 By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,  
 To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,  
 Unknown to all but a chosen few  
 At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,  
 He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,  
 At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,  
 At morn with learned dames would sit—  
 So passed his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wished to make him an M. P.,  
 But, finding W-lks was also one, he  
 Swore, in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he  
 "Would ever sit in one house with Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,  
 And devils, whether he or she,  
 Are sure to be found out at last,  
 The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs  
 Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—  
 Miss Paton's soon as Belzebub's—  
 Fired off a squib in the morning papers:

“ We warn good men to keep aloof  
 “ From a grim old Dandy, seen about,  
 “ With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof  
 “ Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out.”

Now, the Devil being a gentleman,  
 Who piques himself on well-bred dealings,  
 You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,  
 How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
 And 't would make you laugh could you have seen  
     'em,  
 As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
 And 't was "hail, good fellow, well met," between  
     'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—  
 And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,  
 When, asking about the Bench, he heard  
 That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
 That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil—  
 Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,  
 And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
 And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)  
 Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which  
 The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 't was nuts to the Father of Lies

(As this wily fiend is named in the Bible),

To find it settled by laws so wise,

That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!



## LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season,  
 No matter which party, so faithful to neither;  
 Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,  
 Can manage, like \* \* \* \* \*, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;  
 Your gaol is for Trav'lers a charming retreat;  
 They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
 And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—  
 He can study high life in the King's Bench community;  
 Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,  
 And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age

To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or  
higher),

Will meet with encouragement—so much, *per* page,

And the spelling and grammar both found by the  
buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,

So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired;—

Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,

Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,

Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;

Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis\*,

That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colick.

\* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her; always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle.*"

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,  
 By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—(worthies,  
 whose lands  
 Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,  
 Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands.)

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,  
 Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen 'em,  
 Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S—ll—v—n\*,  
 Something *extra* allow'd for th' additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,  
 All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—  
 To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance  
 For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,  
 The material *within* of small consequence is;—

\* A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence  
 before the Irish Committees.

Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,

Why,—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

*Nota Bene*—an Essay, now printing, to show,

That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)

Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,

When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque *in Fund is*,  
*assess it\**."

\* According to the common reading, "quodcunque infundis, acescit."

## THE SLAVE.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,  
 “He is dead—he is dead,” the rumour flew ;  
 And I raised my chain, and turn’d me round,  
 And ask’d, through the dungeon-window, “Who?”

I saw my livid tormentors pass ;  
 Their grief ’twas bliss to hear and see !  
 For, never came joy to them, alas,  
 That did n’t bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look’d through the mist of night,  
 And ask’d, “What foe of my race hath died ?  
 “Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,  
 “Whom nothing but wrong could e’er decide—

“Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,  
 “Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt

“ What suitors for justice he’d keep in,  
 “ Or what suitors for freedom he’d shut out—

“ Who, a clog for ever on Truth’s advance,  
 “ Stifles her (like the Old Man of the Sea  
 “ Round Sinbad’s neck\*), nor leaves a chance  
 “ Of shaking him off—is’t he? is’t he?”

Ghastly my grim tormentors smiled,  
 And thrusting me back to my den of woe,  
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild  
 Than their funeral howling, answer’d “ No.”

But the cry still pierced my prison-gate,  
 And again I ask’d, “ What scourge is gone?  
 “ Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,  
 “ Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

\* “ You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks.”—*Story of Sinbad*.

“ Whose name is one of th’ ill-omen’d words  
 “ They link with hate, on his native plains ;  
 “ And why ?—they lent him hearts and swords,  
 “ And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains !

“ Is it he ? is it he ? ” I loud inquired,  
 When, hark !—there sounded a Royal knell ;  
 And I knew what spirit had just expired,  
 And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,  
 He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,  
 But seal’d that hate with a Name Divine,  
 And he now was dead, and—I *could n’t* re-  
 joice !

He had fann’d afresh the burning brands  
 Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim ;  
 He had arm’d anew my torturers’ hands,  
 And *them* did I curse—but sigh’d for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart,  
 And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,  
 Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,  
 And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends  
 For the fatal fault of an erring head—  
 Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,  
 In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,  
 To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,  
 For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,  
 And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,  
 I calmly sunk in my chains again ;  
 While, still as I said "Heaven rest his soul!"  
 My mates of the dungeon sigh'd "Amen!"

*January, 1827.*



## ODE TO FERDINAND.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,  
 Grasp the needle once again ;  
 Making petticoats is far  
 Safer sport than making war ;—  
 Trimming is a better thing,  
 Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King !  
 Grasp the needle bright, with which  
 Thou didst for the Virgin stitch  
 Garment, such as ne'er before  
 Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.  
 Not for her, oh semster nimble !  
 Do I now invoke thy thimble ;  
 Not for her thy wanted aid is,  
 But for certain grave old ladies,  
 Who now sit in England's cabinet,  
 Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,

Or whatever choice *étouffe* is  
Fit for Dowagers in office.

First, thy care, oh King, devote  
To Dame Eld-n's petticoat.  
Make it of that silk, whose dye  
Shifts for ever to the eye,  
Just as if it hardly knew  
Whether to be pink or blue.  
Or—material fitter yet—  
If thou could'st a remnant get  
Of that stuff, with which, of old,  
Sage Penelope, we're told,  
Still, by doing and undoing,  
Kept her *suitors* always wooing—  
That's the stuff which, I pronounce, is  
Fittest for Dame Eld-n's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,  
Mantua-making Ferdinand,

For old Goody W—stm—l—d ;  
 One who loves, like Mother Cole,  
 Church and State with all her soul ;  
 And has pass'd her life in frolics  
 Worthy of your Apostolics.  
 Choose, in dressing this old flirt,  
 Something that won't show the dirt,  
 As, from habit, every minute  
 Goody W—tsm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,  
 Hie thee, monarch, to thy task ;  
 Finish Eld-n's frills and borders,  
 Then return for further orders.  
 Oh what progress for our sake,  
 Kings in millinery make !  
 Ribands, garters, and such things,  
 Are supplied by *other* Kings—  
 Ferdinand his rank denotes  
 By providing petticoats.

## HAT VERSUS WIG.

“ At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld-n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony.”

— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
 Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

'TWIXT Eld-n's Hat and Eld-n's Wig

There lately rose an altercation,—  
 Each with its own importance big,  
 Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,

“ Pooh ! pooh ! you surely can't design,  
 “ My worthy beaver, to compare  
 “ Your station in the state with mine.

“ Who meets the learned legal crew?

“ Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?

“ The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while you  
 “ Hang dangling on some peg outside.

“ Oh, ’t is the Wig, that rules, like Love,  
 “ Senate and Court, with like *éclat*—  
 “ And wards below, and lords above,  
 “ For Law is Wig and Wig is Law \*!

“ Who tried the long, *Long W*—— suit,  
 “ Which tried one’s patience, in return ?  
 “ Not thou, oh Hat!—though, *could’st* thou do ’t,  
 “ Of other *brims* † than thine thou ’dst learn.

“ ’T was mine our master’s toil to share ;  
 “ When, like ‘ Truepenny,’ in the play ‡,

\* “ Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below and gods above,  
 For Love is Heav’n and Heav’n is Love.”—SCOTT.

† “ *Brim*—a naughty woman.”—GROSE.

‡ “ *Ghost* [beneath].—Swear !

“ *Hamlet*.—Ha, ha ! say’st thou so ? Art thou there, True-  
 penny ? Come on.”

“ He, every minute, cried out ‘ Swear,’  
 “ And merrily to swear went they \*;—

“ When, loth poor W—— to condemn, he  
 “ With nice discrimination weigh’d,  
 “ Whether ’t was only ‘ Hell and Jemmy,’  
 “ Or ‘ Hell and Tommy’ that he play’d.

“ No, no, my worthy beaver, no—  
 “ Though cheapen’d at the cheapest hatter’s,  
 “ And smart enough, as beavers go,  
 “ Thou ne’er wert made for public matters.”

Here Wig concluded his oration,  
 Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise ;  
 While thus, full cock’d for declamation,  
 The veteran Hat enraged replies:—

“ Ha ! dost thou then so soon forget  
 “ What thou, what England owes to me ?

\* His Lordship’s demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

“ Ungrateful Wig !—when will a debt,

“ So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

“ Think of that night, that fearful night,

“ When, through the steaming vault below,

“ Our master dared, in gout’s despite,

“ To venture his podagric toe !

“ Who was it then, thou boaster, say,

“ When thou hadst to thy box sneak’d off,

“ Beneath his feet protecting lay,

“ And saved him from a mortal cough?

“ Think, if Catarrh had quench’d that sun,

“ How blank this world had been to thee !

“ Without that head to shine upon,

“ Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

“ You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope

“ Of Church and State been ravish’d from ye,

“ Oh think, how Canning and the Pope  
 “ Would then have play’d up ‘ Hell and  
 Tommy !’

“ At sea, there’s but a plank, they say,  
 “ ‘Twixt seamen and annihilation ;—  
 “ A Hat, that awful moment, lay  
 “ ‘Twixt England and Emancipation !

“ Oh !!!——”

At this “ Oh !!! ” *The Times’* Reporter  
 Was taken poorly, and retired ;  
 Which made him cut Hat’s rhetoric shorter,  
 Than justice to the case required.

On his return, he found these shocks  
 Of eloquence all ended quite ;  
 And Wig lay snoring in his box,  
 And Hat was—hung up for the night.



# THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

---

“To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768, &c. &c.”—RABELAIS.

---

“HURRA! hurra!” I heard them say,  
And they cheer’d and shouted all the way,  
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,  
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or *thought* they were—no matter which—

For, every year, the Revenue \*  
 From their Periwinkles larger grew ;  
 And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick  
 And legerdemain of arithmetic,  
 Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,  
     5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,  
 Such various ways, behind, before,  
 That they made a unit seem a score,  
     And proved themselves most wealthy men !  
 So, on they went, a prosperous crew,  
     The people wise, the rulers clever,—  
 And God help those, like me and you,  
 Who dared to doubt (as some now do)  
 That the Periwinkle Revenue  
     Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

“ Hurra ! hurra ! ” I heard them say,  
 And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,

\* Accented as in Swift's line—

“ Not so a nation's revenues are paid.”

As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt  
What all this conjuring was about ;  
For, every day, more deep in debt  
They saw their wealthy rulers get :—  
“ Let’s look (said they) the items through,  
“ And see if what we’re told be true  
“ Of our Periwinkle Revenue.”

But, lord ! they found there was n’t a tittle  
Of truth in aught they heard before ;  
For, they gain’d by Periwinkles little,  
And lost by Locusts ten times more !

These Locusts are a lordly breed  
Some Salmagundians love to feed.  
Of all the beasts that ever were born,  
Your Locust most delights in *corn* ;  
And, though his body be but small,  
To fatten him takes the dev’l and all !

“ Oh fie ! oh fie ! ” was now the cry,  
As they saw the gaudy show go by,  
And the Laird of Salmagundi went  
To open his Locust Parliament !

## NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

## BATCH THE FIRST.

---

“ His ’prentice han’  
 “ He tried on man,  
 “ And then he made the lasses.”

---

“ AND now,” quoth the Minister, (eased of his panics,  
 And ripe for each pastime the summer affords),  
 “ Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics  
 “ By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.  
 “ ’Tis pleasant—while nothing but mercantile fractures,  
 “ Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn’d in our  
 ears—

“ To think that, though robb’d of all coarse manufactures,

“ We still keep our fine manufacture of Peers ;—

“ Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride

“ In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of ;

“ Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,

“ But showing, on t’other, what rags they are made of.”

The plan being fix’d, raw material was sought,

· No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be ;

And first—to begin with—Squire W——, ’twas thought,

For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,

The tasteful Sir Charles, so renown’d, far and near,

For purchasing pictures, and selling himself,—  
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in ;—  
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure  
ye ;

Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,  
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury.

But, bless us !—behold a new candidate come—  
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written ;  
He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,  
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great  
Britain !!

“ Forbid it,” cried Jenky, “ ye Viscounts, ye Earls !—  
“ Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchantèd,  
“ If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,  
“ And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb sup-  
planted !

“ No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—lf—rd—

“ If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,

“ And young Master H—lf—rd as yet is too small for’t,

“ Sweet Doctor, we’ll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

“ Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows

“ Is to bask in its light from the brows of another ;

“ And grandeur o’er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,

“ As o’er Vesey Fitzgerald ’t will shine through  
his mother\*.”

Thus ended the *First Batch*—and Jenky, much tired,

(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),

Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspired

His speech against Papists—and prosed off to sleep.

\* Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, &c.



## SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA\* QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N\*.

“*Vos inumbrelles video*†.”—*Ex Juvenil. Georgii Canningii.*

My Lords, I'm accused of a trick that, God knows, is  
The last into which, at my age, I could fall—  
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,  
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

\* A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

† From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's—

“I say, my good fellows,

“As you've no umbrellas.”

My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
 No doubt I shall hear, “ ’t is that cursed old fellow,  
 “ That bugbear of all that is lib’ral and pleasant,  
 “ Who won’t let the Lords give the man his um-  
 brella !”

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me ;  
 I am ancient—but were I as old as King Priam,  
 Not much, I confess, to your credit ’t would be,  
 To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,  
 And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,  
 That, *once* having taken men’s rights, or umbrellas,  
 We ne’er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,  
 If thus you give back Mr. Bell’s parapluie,  
 That he may n’t, with its stick, come about all your ears,  
 And then—*where* would your Protestant periwigs be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,  
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's  
mellow,  
“For God's sake”—at that awful moment I'd say—  
“For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his um-  
brella.”

[“This address,” says a ministerial journal, “delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression.”]

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

*Dublin, March 12, 1827.*—Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country.—*Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,  
 A gift that will surely content her,  
 Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!  
 Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,  
 But ill she her wants understood ;—  
 Ball cartridges, morning and night,  
 Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives

But we read, in some amiable trials,  
How husbands make love to their wives  
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

*One* thinks, with his mistress or mate

A good halter is sure to agree—  
That love-knot which, early and late,  
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd

With a wife that is not over placid,  
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,  
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—

Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!  
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,  
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,  
 Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints ;  
 He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,  
 Alone can remove thy complaints ;—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,  
 Nothing 's wanted to make it more pleasant  
 But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,  
 Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd  
 Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,  
 And I loved him the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,  
 Dear partner, I herewith inclose ;  
 'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,  
 From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,  
How I wish that, before you set out,  
The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know  
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,  
Into such supernatural wit,  
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,  
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.

## A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE\*.

Regnis EX-sul ademtis.—VIRG.

To Swanage,—that neat little town, in whose bay  
 Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers,—  
 Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other day,  
 To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws—  
 Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wagon),  
 “Why are chancery suitors like bathers?”—“Because  
 Their *suits* are *put off*, till—they haven't a rag on.”

\* A small bathing place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, *till this season*, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.



Thus on he went chatting,—but, lo, while he chats,  
 With a face full of wonder around him he looks;  
 For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,  
 Who used to flock round him at Swanage like  
 rooks.

“How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic  
 “Last year they came swarming, to make me their  
 bow,  
 “As thick as Burke’s cloud o’er the vales of Carnatic,  
 “Deans, Rectors, D.D.’s—where the dev’l are they  
 now?”

“My dearest Lord Bags!” saith his dame, “*can* you  
 doubt?  
 “I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;  
 “But *don’t* you perceive, dear, the Church have found  
 out,  
 “That you’re one of the people call’d *Ex*’s, at  
 present?”

“ Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, indeed, one

“ Of those ill-fated *Ex*'s (his Lordship replies),

“ And, with tears, I confess,—God forgive me the  
pun!—

“ We X's have proved ourselves *not* to be Y's.”

*September, 1827.*

## WO! WO!\*

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it,—  
 That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;  
 Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,  
 Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do we  
 owe thee!

How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!  
 The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,  
 The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smother!—  
 On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!

\* Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced “Wo! Wo! Wo!” pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t' other,  
 Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and  
 floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;  
 Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,  
 Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,  
 Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

Come, R—den, who doubttest,—so mild are thy views,—  
 Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;  
 Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,  
 'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?  
 St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,  
 Supplied her, 't is said, with perpetual fire \*,  
 And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

\* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,  
 Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,  
 When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,  
 We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
 Had been trying their talent for many a day;  
 Till F-rnh-m, when all had been tried, came to show,  
 Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."

And nothing's more simple than F-rnh-m's receipt;—  
 "Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in *po-*  
*teen* \*—

"Add *salary* sauce †, and the thing is complete.

"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and  
 clean."

\* Whiskey.

† "We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring 'What are they giving a head for converts?'" — *Wexford Post*.

‘ Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such  
cookery ! ’

Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow \*  
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
Open’d their bills, and re-echo’d “ Wo, wo ! ! ”

\* Of the Rook species—*Corvus frugilegus*, i. e. a great corn-  
consumer of corn.

## TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

“ If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Visthnou*.”—*Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,  
 When “ civil advantages ” are to be gain’d,  
 What god or what goddess may help to obtain you ’em,  
 Hindoo or Chinese, so they ’re only obtain’d.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)  
 All the good things to good hypocrites fall;  
 And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,  
 Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where *Fo*, or, as some call him, *Fot*,  
 Is the god, from whom “ civil advantages ” flow,

And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,  
I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,  
Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,  
I own I should feel it unchristian and odd  
Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces.

For oh, of all gods that humanely attend  
To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes  
Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend  
In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes\*!

So take my advice—for, if even the devil  
Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,  
'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,  
As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

\* *Vishnu* was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god,"  
—his first Avatar being in the shape of a fish.



## ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute *redemptum*.

---

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,

And tell me what my name may be.

I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,

And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose ;—

Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),

I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes ;

Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,

That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,

It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land

But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.

Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my  
stature,

To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply ;

And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,  
 About the year 30 in rags I shall die.

Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,  
 An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all ;  
 In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,  
 Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.  
 Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
 Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er hi  
 book,  
 Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,  
 O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,  
 And down drops the pen from his paralyzed paw !  
 When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,  
 And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,  
 You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out " Boo !"  
 How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the  
 blanket.

When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall  
 His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,

Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,  
And the cup falls to earth and—the gout to his toe!  
But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram  
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,  
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,  
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.  
Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may be.

## DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

“Vox clamantis in deserto.”

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown

Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun,—

“What's the number of souls in this town?”—

“The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

“We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,“Of *them* a great plenty there are;—“But the *soles*, please your rev'ence and grace,

“Are all t' other side of the bar.”

And so 't is in London just now,

Not a soul to be seen, up or down;—

Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,  
 But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new;  
 No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;  
 Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid\* or two,  
 Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
 That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?  
 Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?  
 And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,  
 In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled!—  
 It being his task to take care  
 That such animals sha'n't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils  
 Are so worthy a captain of horse,—

\* One of the shows of London.

Whose amendments\* (like honest Sir Boyle's)  
Are "*amendments*, that make matters worse † ;"

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains  
To prove—what is granted, *nem. con.*—  
With how mod'rate a portion of brains  
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where  
Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
Whose *quarters* could ever compare  
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton ‡ ?

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
Ye diverting and dignified crew?

\* More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill.

† From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.

‡ The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

How ill do three farces a night,  
At the Haymarket, pay us for you !

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big ?  
Or, where's the burletta can be  
Like L—d—rd—e's wit—and his wig ?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof\* could  
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)  
Invent any joke half so good  
As that precious one, " This is too bad !"

Then come again, come again, Spring !  
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;  
And—of all things the funniest—bring  
These exalted Grimaldis again !

\* The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.

## THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

NEXT week will be published (as "Lives" are the  
rage)

The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,  
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage  
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"  
'T is a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;  
And few dogs have such opportunities had  
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,  
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;  
And 't is plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog  
thinks

That the Lion was no such great things after all.



Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows—

It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;  
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,  
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits  
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,  
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,  
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book 's a good book, being rich in  
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,  
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen  
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

*Exeter 'Change.*

## ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, *Brute* !

WHAT ! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy !

After so much good teaching 't is quite a *take-in*,  
Sir ;—

First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,  
And then (as young misses say) " finish'd " at  
Windsor !

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder ;—

Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call !  
Three courses each day from His Majesty's larder,—  
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all !!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter  
Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they  
*dine*,

Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,  
And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no  
doubt;—

Great Despots on *bouilli* served up *à la Russe*\*,  
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,  
And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be  
fable)

A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it;—  
Not content with the common *hot* meat on a table,  
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold* under  
it †!

\* Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits,—a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

† This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars,—the hiding the body under the dinner-table, &c. &c.—is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

No wonder a Don of such appetites found  
 Even W-nds-r's collations plebeianly plain ;  
 Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends round  
 Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine*.

Alas, that a youth with such charming beginnings,  
 Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,  
 And, what is still worse, throw the losings and win-  
 nings  
 Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion !

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears, just as bad—  
 The few men who *have*, and the many who 've *not*  
 tick,  
 All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,  
 Prince Metternich's pupil, is—*not* patriotic !

## THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

Oft have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,  
 Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride  
 Two stately steeds,—standing, with graceful straddle,  
 Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,  
 While to soft tunes,—some jigs, and some *andantes*,—  
 He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,  
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present;—  
*Papist* and *Protestant* the coursers twain,  
 That lend their necks to his impartial rein,  
 And round the ring,—each honour'd, as they go,  
 With equal pressure from his gracious toe,—  
 To the old medley tune, half “Patrick's Day”  
 And half “Boyne Water,” take their cantering way,

While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks  
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art !

How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start ;—

If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,

And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on !

But no, false hopes,—not ev'n the great Ducrow

'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow :

If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,

What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic* ?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,

Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses ;

If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip

To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip,—

That instant ends their glorious horsemanship !

Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,

And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea !

## THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

## A DREAM.

“Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna.”—*Ariosto*.

“—— a valley, where he sees

“Things that on earth were lost.”—*Milton*.

KNOW'ST thou not him \* the poet sings,  
 Who flew to the moon's serene domain,  
 And saw that valley, where all the things,  
 That vanish on earth, are found again—  
 The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,  
 The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,  
 The golden visions of mining cits,  
 The promises great men strew about them;

\* Astolpho.

And, pack'd in compass small, the wits

Of monarchs, who rule as well without them!—

Like him, but diving with wing profound,

I have been to a Limbo under ground,

Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,

In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide)

In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,

And there, so worthless and fly-blown

That even the imps would not purloin them,

Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass

Of lost and torn-up reputations;—

Some of them female wares, alas,

Mislaid at *innocent* assignations;

Some, that had sigh'd their last amen

From the canting lips of saints that would be;

And some once own'd by "the best of men,"

Who had proved—no better than they should  
be.



'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,  
 Once shining fair, now soaked and black—  
 "No wonder," (a dev'l at my elbow cried)  
 "For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,  
 Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons ;  
 And lo, an imp right downward sped,  
 Bringing, within his claws so red,  
 Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,  
 Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons ;  
 The which, with black official grin,  
 He now to the Chief Imp handed in ;—  
*Both* these articles much the worse  
 For their journey down, as you may suppose,  
 But *one* so devilish rank—"Odd's curse !"  
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho !" quoth he, "I know full well  
 "From whom these two stray matters fell ;"—

Then, casting away, with a loathful shrug,  
 Th' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug  
 Th' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),  
 His eyes on the other gravely fix'd,  
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his  
     eye,

To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,  
 "What a pity!" he cried—"so fresh its gloss,  
 "So long preserved—'t is a public loss!  
 "This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,  
 "Keeping his character in his pocket;  
 "And there—without considering whether  
 "There's room for that and his gains together—  
 "Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,  
 "Till—out slips character some fine day!

"However"—and here he view'd it round—  
 "This article still may pass for sound.  
 "Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all  
 "The harm it has had in its luckless fall.

“ Here, Puck ! ”—and he called to one of his train—

“ The owner may have this back again.

“ Though damaged for ever, if used with skill,

“ It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still ;

“ Though the gem can never, as once, be set,

“ It will do for a Tory Cabinet.”

## HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'MONG our neighbours, the French, in the good olden  
time

When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes  
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,  
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own  
books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters ;—  
And, one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,  
Said, “ Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral  
Letters ? ”

To which the *Blue* answer'd—“ No, Bishop, have  
*you* ? ”

The same is now done by *our* privileged class ;

And, to show you how simple the process it needs,

If a great Major-General\* wishes to pass

For an author of History, thus he proceeds:—

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well

As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claimshim *askin*,

He settles his neck-cloth—takes snuff—rings the bell,

And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General seated,

In all the self-glory of authorship swelling;—

“There, look,” saith his Lordship, “my work is  
completed,—

“It wants nothing now, but the grammar and  
spelling.”

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads

Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more;

\* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of heads,  
 He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to *pay*—that's enough—  
 So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,  
 Convinced that there never was job half so tough  
 As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view,—  
 New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord new expense :  
 'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar* won't do,  
 As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense* !

At last,—even this is achieved by his aid ;  
 Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and—the story ;  
 Drums beat—the new Grand March of Intellect's  
 play'd—  
 And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory !

## IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

“Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali

“Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.”—*Inferno*, cant. 5.

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng  
Of ghosts came fluttering tow'ards me,—blown along,  
Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,  
By many a fitful gust that through their forms  
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,  
And puff'd as—though they 'd never puff enough.

“Whence and what are ye?” pitying I inquired  
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tired  
With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand  
On their lean legs while answering my demand.  
“We once were authors,”—thus the Sprite, who led  
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said,—

“ Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,  
 “ Who, early smit with love of praise and—*pewter*\*,  
 “ On ——’s † shelves first saw the light of day,  
 “ In ——’s puffs exhaled our lives away,—  
 “ Like summer wind-mills, doom’d to dusty peace,  
 “ When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.  
 “ Ah, little knew we then what ills await  
 “ Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state;  
 “ Bepuff’d on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—  
 “ And, dire reward, now doubly puff’d in hell!”

Touch’d with compassion for this ghastly crew,  
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through  
 In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa’s ‡ ghost  
 Still, at th’ accustom’d hour of eggs and toast,  
 Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g P—t*,—

\* The *classical* term for money.

† The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *disyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him.

‡ Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to preside—“*regnat Rosa*”—over its pages.



Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood  
 Foremost of all that flatulentia! brood,  
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,  
 " Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z. \*,  
 " One of our *letter'd* nymphs—excuse the pun,—  
 " Who gain'd a name on earth by—having none ;  
 " And whose initials would immortal be,  
 " Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.  
  
 " Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,  
 " Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes,—fit winding-  
     sheet,—  
 " Still marvels much that not a soul should care  
 " One single pin to know who wrote ' May Fair ;'—  
 " While this young gentleman" (here forth he drew  
 A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,  
 As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre  
 For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)

\* *Not* the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.

" This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,  
 " To have his volume read, himself unknown ;  
 " But different far the course his glory took,  
 " All knew the author, and—none read the book.

" Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,  
 " Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—rr—t—n ;—  
 " In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,  
 " And now the wind returns the compliment.  
 " This lady here, the Earl of ——'s sister,  
 " Is a dead novelist ; and this is Mister—  
 " Beg pardon—*Honourable* Mister L—st—r,  
 " A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over  
 " In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.  
 " Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,  
 " Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away,—  
 " Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind  
 " No further purchase for a puff can find."

" And thou, thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd,—  
 " Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."

“ Me, Sir !” he blushing cried,—“ Ah, there’s the rub—  
 “ Know, then,—a waiter once at Brooks’s Club,  
 “ A waiter still I might have long remain’d,  
 “ And long the club-room’s jokes and glasses drain’d;  
 “ But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,  
 “ I wrote a book \*, and Colburn dubb’d me ‘ Mem-  
     ber ’—  
 “ ‘ Member of Brooks’s !’—oh Promethean puff,  
 “ To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff!  
 “ With crums of gossip, caught from dining wits,  
 “ And half-heard jokes, bequeath’d, like half-chew’d  
     bits,  
 “ To be, each night, the waiter’s perquisites ;—  
 “ With such ingredients, served up oft before,  
 “ But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish’d o’er,  
 “ I managed, for some weeks, to dose the town,  
 “ Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down,  
 “ And, ready still even waiters’ souls to damn,  
 “ The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I am ;—

\* “ History of the Clubs of London,” announced as by “ a  
 Member of Brooks’s.”

“ Yes—‘ Coming *up*, Sir,’ once my favourite cry,  
 “ Exchanged for ‘ Coming *down*, Sir,’ here am I!”

Scarce had the Spectre’s lips these words let drop,  
 When, lo, a breeze—such as from ——’s shop  
 Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,  
 And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sail*—  
 Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,  
 And, whirling him and all his grisly group  
 Of literary ghosts,—Miss X. Y. Z.,—  
 The nameless author, better known than read—  
 Sir Jo.—the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,  
 And, last, not least, Lord Nobody’s twin sister,—  
 Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes  
 And sins about them, far into those climes  
 “ Where Peter pitch’d his waistcoat\*” in old times,  
 Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,  
 With my great master, through this realm unblest,  
 Whether Old Nick or —— puffs the best.

\* A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, “ Nine miles beyond H—ll, where Peter pitched his waistcoat.”

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD  
B—ST'S TAIL\*.

ALL *in* again—unlook'd for bliss!

Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss;—

One tender tie, attach'd so long

To the same head, through right and wrong.

Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off

That memorable tail of thine?

Why—as if *one* was not enough—

Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,

And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?

Alas, my Lord, 't was not well done,

'T was not, indeed,—though sad at heart,

From office and its sweets to part,

\* The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

Yet hopes of coming in again,  
 Sweet Tory hopes! beguiled our pain;  
 But thus to miss that tail of thine,  
 Through long, long years our rallying sign,—  
 As if the State and all its powers  
 By tenancy *in tail* were ours,—  
 To see it thus by scissors fall,  
*This* was “th’ unkindest *cut* of all!”  
 It seem’d as though th’ ascendant day  
 Of Toryism had pass’d away,  
 And, proving Sampson’s story true,  
 She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, ’t is said,—  
 The tail directs them, not the head;  
 Then, how could *any* party fail,  
 That steer’d its course by B—th—st’s tail?  
 Not Murat’s plume, through Wagram’s fight,  
 E’er shed such guiding glories from it,  
 As erst, in all true Tories’ sight,  
 Blazed from our old Colonial comet!

If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,  
 (As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)  
 Thou might'st have had a tail to spare ;  
 But no, alas, thou hadst but one,  
 And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,  
 A tale of other times—is gone !

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true,—  
 Fate has not yet of all bereft us ;  
 Though thus deprived of B—th—rst's *queue*,  
 We've E—ll—nb—gh's *curls* still left us ;—  
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,  
 His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues ;  
 Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,  
 Surcharged with all a nation's fate,  
 His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did\*,  
 And oft in thundering talk comes near him ;—  
 Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,  
 And, here, 't is only those who hear him.

\* "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."

*Pope's Homer.*

Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil

Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,

With plenty of Macassar oil,

Through many a year your growth to nourish !

And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath

His barbarous shears such locks to sever,

Still dear to Tories, even in death,

Their last, loved relics we'll bequeath,

A *hair-loom* to our sons for ever.



## THE CHERRIES.

## A PARABLE \*.

SEE those cherries, how they cover

Yonder sunny garden wall;—

Had they not that net-work over,

Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,

Ancient sages wove a net,

Through whose holes, of small dimensions,

Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this net-work widen?

Shall we stretch these sacred holes,

\* Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.

Through which, ev'n already, slide in  
 Lots of small dissenting souls?

"God forbid!" old *Testy* crieth;  
 "God forbid!" so echo I;  
 Every ravenous bird that flieth  
 Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,  
 And, behold, what bebies break in;—  
*Here*, some curst old Popish crow  
 Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

*Here*, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,  
 And Socinians, slim and spare,  
 Who, with small belief encumber'd,  
 Slip in easy any where;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,  
 Where there's *pecking* going on;

And that water-fowl, the Baptist,—  
 All would share our fruits anon ;

Ev'ry bird, of ev'ry city,  
 That, for years, with ceaseless din,  
 Hath reversed the starling's ditty,  
 Singing out " I can't get *in*."

" God forbid !" old *Testy* snivels ;  
 " God forbid !" I echo too ;  
 Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls  
 Seize the whole voracious crew !

If less costly fruit won't suit 'em,  
 Hips and haws and such like berries,  
 Curse the corm'rants ! stone 'em, shoot 'em,  
 Any thing—to save our cherries.

# STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT\*.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,  
 If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and expense ;  
 Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,  
 Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,  
 If Truth by the bow-string *must* yield up her breath,  
 Let Mutes do the office,—and spare her the pain  
 Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to deat .

Chain, persecute, plunder,—do all that you will,—  
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore

\* During the discussion of the Catholic Question in the House of Commons last session.

Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,  
Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR \* and BORE.

Bring legions of Squires—if they 'll only be mute—  
And array their thick heads against reason and right,  
Like the Roman of old, of historic repute †,  
Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight ;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,  
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,  
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,  
Have their consciences tack'd to their patents and  
staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,  
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they swim ‡;

\* This is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool  
is spelt *auger*.

† Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.

‡ Res Fiscī est, ubicumque natat.—*Juvenal*.

With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,  
 Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship  
 ev'n him ;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,  
 That illumines and blesses our age is combined ;  
 While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look  
 down,  
 And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind ;

Let bold Paddy H-lmes show his troops on the other,  
 And, counting of noses the quantum desired,  
 Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's famed mother,  
 " Come forward, my *jewels* "—'t is all that 's re-  
 quired.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter,—  
 Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain ;  
 But spare ev'n your victims the torture of laughter,  
 And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again !

## ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

LET other bards to groves repair,  
Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,  
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where  
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,  
Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;  
To raise the wind for Royalty  
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task !

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,  
And all such vulgar irrigation,  
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods  
Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well

What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,  
When, sly, he introduced in Hell  
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree\* :—

Nor see I why, some future day,

When short of cash, we should not send  
Our H—rr—s down—he knows the way—  
To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,

Beneath whose “*branches* of expense”  
Our gracious K—— gets all he wants,—  
*Except* a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclined,

Like him of fair Armida's bowers,  
May W——n some *wood*-nymph find,  
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours;

\* Called by Virgil, botanically, “*species auri frondentis*.”



To rest from toil the Great Untaught,  
 And soothe the pangs his warlike brain  
 Must suffer, when, unused to thought,  
 It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be  
 Preserved, in all their teeming graces,  
 To shelter Tory bards, like me,  
 Who take delight in Sylvan *places* \*!

\* Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut amem *loca* ———

OVID.

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF  
THE SHANNON.

“Take back the virgin page.”

*Moore's Irish Melodies.*

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy  
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,  
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,  
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee ;—  
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more ;  
By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon  
thee  
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

Come,—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,  
 (Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would lend  
 you,)

Read V—sey all o'er—as you *can't* read a book—  
 And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send  
 you ;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters traced,  
 Whose awful impressions from you and your  
 kin

Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effaced,—  
 Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you 're sheer *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,  
 Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare  
 one ;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,  
 And you, my Lord Duke, (as you *hinted* once),  
 wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er ;—

You will find him worth all the old scrolls of  
papyrus,

That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,

Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,

Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,

Whose plain, simple drift if they *won't* understand,

Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St.

Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls !—more meaning convey'd is

In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,

Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies

That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

“IF” AND “PERHAPS \*.”

OH tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!

Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,  
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,  
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

“*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,  
“Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,  
“His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,  
“May *think* (tender tyrants) of loosening his  
chains.”

Wise “if” and “perhaps!”—precious salve for our  
wounds,

If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,

\* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of  
Lords, June 10, 1828.

Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds,

Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 't is in vain—the grand impulse is given,—

Man knowshishigh Charter, and knowing will claim;

And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,

Be theirs, who have forged them, the guilt and the shame.

“*If the slave will be silent !*”—vain Soldier, beware—

There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,

When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,

But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom;—

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's check,

Gives place to th' avenger's pale, resolute hue ;

And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to *speak*,

Consigns to the arm the high office—to *do*.

*If* men, in that silence, should think of the hour,  
 When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,  
 Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power  
 To the despot on land and the foe on the flood ;—

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the  
 west,

To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;  
 And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the oppressor  
 That kings are as dust before freemen in arms !

*If*, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall  
 That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet  
 day

At length seem'd to break through a long night of  
 thrall,

And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray ;—

*If* Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,  
 Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,

Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,  
Now wants but invoking to shine out again ;—

*If—if*, I say—breathings like these should come o'er  
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,  
Then, *perhaps*—ay, *perhaps*—but I dare not say more ;  
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—I  
am dumb.



## WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

## A BALLAD.

Air.—“ *Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*”

---

*Salvete, fratres Asini.*—ST. FRANCIS.

---

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,  
 Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;  
 The good we 've sought for many a year  
 Your quills will bring at last.  
 One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen,  
 To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,  
 And more than Ireland's host of men,  
 One brace of Peers will do.

Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use  
 Of pen and ink began,  
 Did letters, writ by fools, produce  
 Such signal good to man.  
 While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
 Is marching *on*, they say,  
 Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,  
 Like crabs, the *other* way.

Write on, write on, &c.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light,—  
 Ev'n now, could Folly lure  
 My Lord M—ntc—sh—I, too, to write,  
 Emancipation's sure.  
 By geese (we read in history),  
 Old Rome was saved from ill;  
 And now, to *quills* of geese, we see  
 Old Rome indebted still.

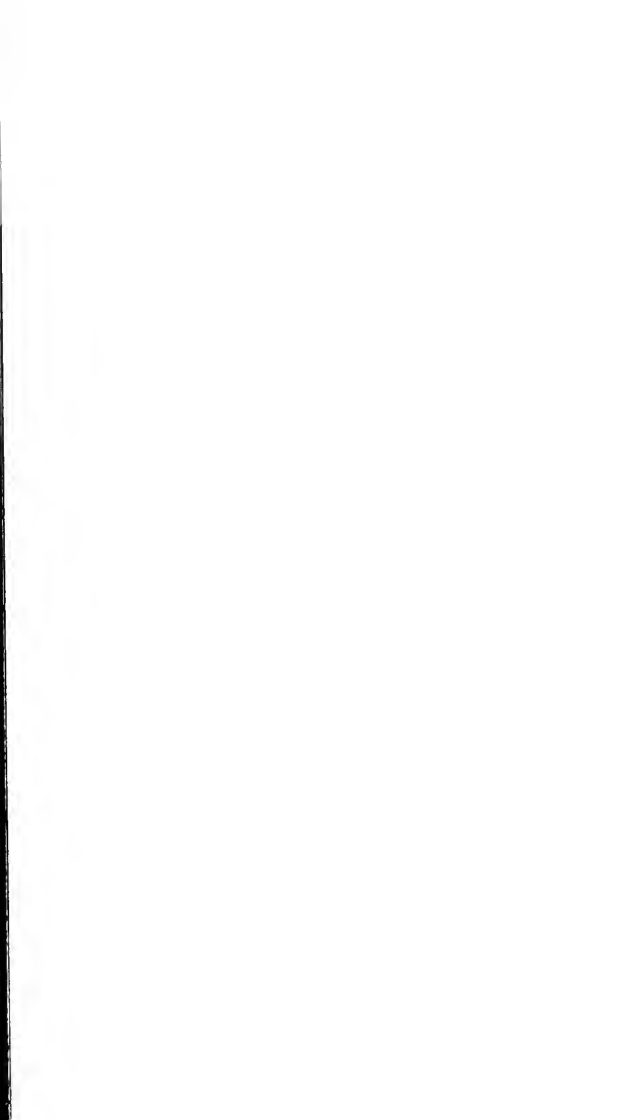
Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,  
Nor beat for sense about,—  
Things, little worth a Noble's while,  
You 're better far without.  
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,  
Such miracles were done ;  
For, write but four such letters more,  
And Freedom's cause is won !

THE END.

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